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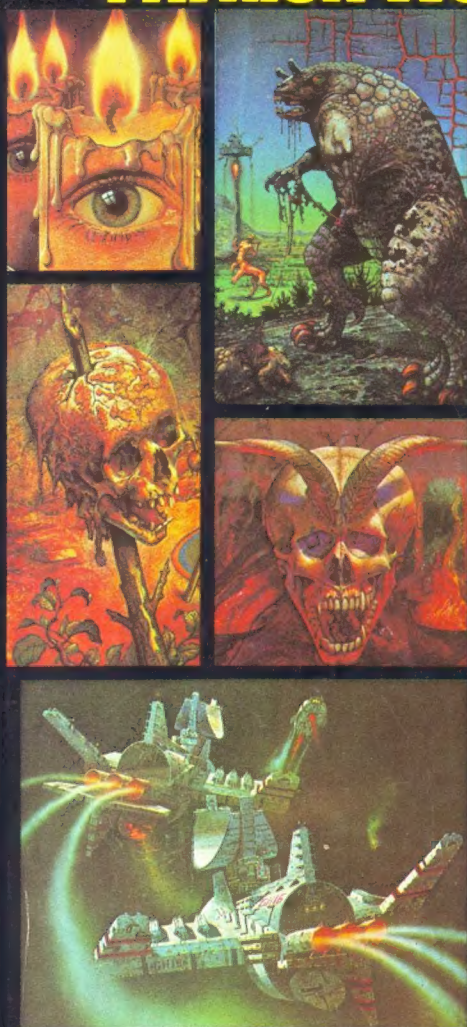
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**MARTIANS
INVADE EARTH!
IN "THE LAST
WAR OF THE
WORLDS!"**



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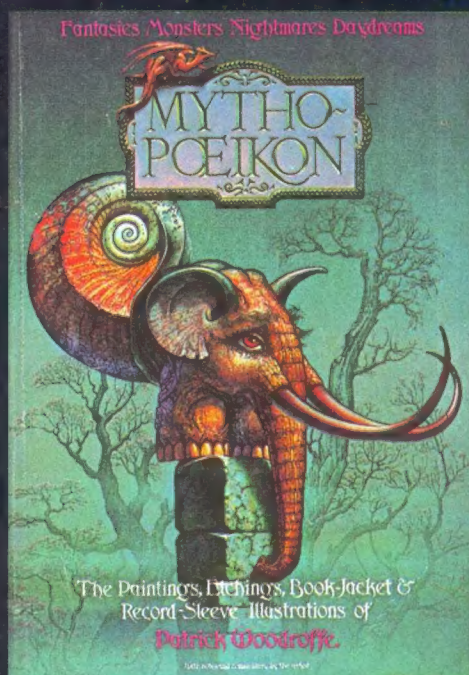
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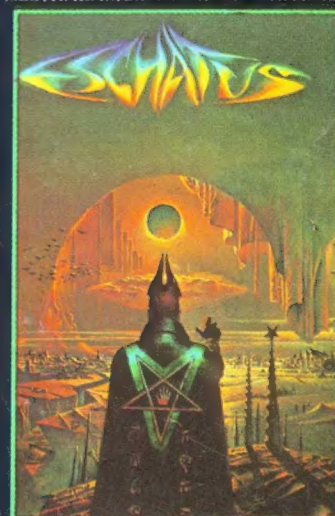
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ESCHATUS: NOSTRADAMUS' ANCIENT WRITINGS



BRUCE PENNINGTON

1984

MAGAZINE

NUMBER FOUR OCTOBER 1978

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TELEMETRY

"Joe Vaultz! I can't believe him!" "Alfredo Alcalá! There is no greater artist!" "Richard Corben stole the show!" "I am an Alex Nino junkie!" "Bermejo, Ortiz! I love their art!" 1984 readers sing their praises to America's and our favorite artists!

4

THE LAST WAR

Those wily British had a secret; one they kept for eighty years. It seems they really were invaded by Martians back in '92 just as H. G. Wells' described in his ode, "The War of the Worlds." But why were they telling us now? Ah, that was their big surprise!

5

IDI AND ME

I really expected Armageddon to be a big deal, what with the buildup it was accorded in the press, and the play it received on the pulpits of the world. So what happens? Blink your eyes and you missed the whole show!

21

MEGILLAH

Well, the United States was gone. The East/West altercation called The Big Sendoff had turned the home of the brave into 48,000 continuous impact craters. The equivalent of four tons of TNT had been dropped on every man, woman and child in the country!

31

MUTANT WORLD

It was the dream that got Dimento into this kettle of fish. If he hadn't dreamt about that overendowed harlot doing those terrible but delectable perversions upon his body, he never would have followed her into that trap, and wound up in this stewpot!

43

MUHAMMAD

Muhammad Reptillicus was making his comeback. His forty-second comeback in as many years. There was no doubt that he was the greatest pugilist of all time. But somehow, he had lost his confidence, after little Sally Starlammer kicked living shit out of him!

51

OGRE

Ah, Byrna! The lovely, overly-endowed Byrna, with lips like cherry wine and breasts the size of overripe muskmelons. More than all else, the hideous Dumog wanted to taste of her ample fruits. But Dumog was an ogre. And Byrna belonged to the vile prince!

59

LULLABY

Despite his noble heritage, Niles was drafted. He didn't take at all well to the regimentation of military life. They harassed him over his unorthodox sex drive. They cast aspersions upon his royal lover. Is it any wonder he deserted and fled home to his mother?

67

BOYS' CAMP

Oh, sure! We could have fought the Druuls, if we had a notion to. But what was the use? They were taller, handsomer, blonder. They were also seven million years more advanced than us. Naturally, their invasion of Earth went off without a hitch!

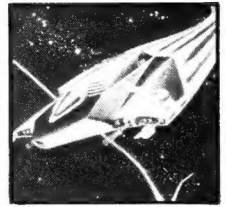
73

REX HAVOC

The Earth had a problem. By the end of 1978, monsters, the undead and other paranormal beasties had become so numerous that it was nearly impossible to walk the streets without being molested by a tingler or a blob or some other wriggly groatie!

81

incoming telemetry



"THE WORLD OF 1984 IS OUT OF THIS WORLD!"

Warren has done it again! Cover-to-cover art by **Corben, Maroto, Nino, Bermejo, Ortiz, Nebres and Wood**. And never has any of them looked better! The art was powerful and engrossing. The scripts stylish, intelligent and entertaining.

"Last of the Really Great, All-American Joy Juice" was a bit on the salty side, but provided the best possible opener. "The Saga of Honeydew Melons" had an appropriate title and interesting characters. "Once Upon Clarissa" gave us a glimpse of where it all may be heading in years to come. **Wally Wood's** "Quick Cut" makes us realize what we miss when he's not gracing Warren's pages. **Rich Corben's** "Mutant World" was the highlight. "The Saga of Xatz and Xotz" and "Bugs" were both refreshing interruptions. **Jim Stenstrum**, in "Faster Than Light," gave us a memorable character in Professor Elias Newton Zong, and a script to match. The action packed into the pages of "Angel" provided welcome adventure. And the mature and tasteful stories were only outdone by **Corben's** classic cover.

The world of 1984 is truly out of this world. I'm yours until 2084, at least!

GENE GOMES
New Orleans, La.

It was utter delight to see **Alex Nino's** work appearing in your magazine. When I saw his name on the contents page, I expected great things. But two stories, no less. Jeez, I can't thank you enough.

Despite **Nino's** work, it was **Richard Corben** who stole the show. "Mutant World" was a familiar **Corben** epic with a difference. Aside from the fact that it contained no nudity, artistically "Mutant World" featured the best opening page I have ever seen **Corben** do. He said more with his splash panel than most stories say in twelve pages.

And while **Corben's** story may have been the best, it was **Jim Stenstrum** who made the whole book worthwhile. His illustration for his own "Faster Than Light" was a touch of genius. It set just the right mood; was light and whimsical. I couldn't help but smile along with the story from that point on.

DAVID MIDDLETON
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Your new magazine is a breath of fresh air. I purchase all of the Warren magazines and find 1984 the most uninhibited and profound.

I was shocked into insensibility to see every page of the magazine filled with comics instead of the usual overly-heavy dose of kiddie ads. It was an extremely pleasant surprise which I hope you will continue.

I found the magazine extremely well-rounded, with the stories commenting nicely on various aspects of the fall of mankind. Yet, each was executed with a contagious air of good humor and contained the kind of food for thought found all too infrequently in magazines published today.

J. GENTILE
Saratoga Springs, Wash.



I love your artwork. The whole book is super!

NEAL SCOTT
Conway, Pa.

Eat your heart out, **Heavy Metal** 1984 is now!

CARMEN CONTRERAS
San Diego, Calif.

I've been an **Alex Nino** junkie ever since I stumbled upon his work in the color comics. For me, "Once Upon Clarissa" (that bittersweet star of the issue) and "Momma Can You Hear Me" were like orgasmic isles in the quaint but pleasant sea of ecstasy.

ROD SILFER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Oh, my god! Hang on to **Rudy Nebres**. He's the most dynamic artist to emerge since the dawn of comic books.

JEREMY LACE
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

The best story in 1984 #1 was "Faster Than Light." Great humor. Great art. And not a trace of the usual dose of Warren sexist crap which I have come to know and loathe.

RENEE FRASER
Redwood City, Calif.

Warren fans, myself included, have clamored for a science fiction magazine for years. Apparently, it took the phenomenal success of **Star Wars** and **Close Encounters** to convince **Jim Warren** of the viability of such a publication. It's about time!

That ambitious editorial on the inside cover of issue #1, certainly made it sound as though the millennium was at hand. Unfortunately, the contents of your premiere issue were far from the goals embodied in that none-too-humble statement. Bluntly stated, 1984 was clumsily juvenile. But what the hell. At least it's here!

Now, if you would cut down on the gratuitous profanity and tighten up on the scripting, the folks at **Heavy Metal** might even have something to worry about.

ED O'REILLY
Ada, Ohio

There's too much sex and profanity in 1984 for a science fiction magazine. Didn't anybody ever tell you people that science fiction is supposed to be clean?

MITCHELL BULLOCK
Culver City, Calif.

Joe Vaultz! I can't believe him. Not since the early days of **Richard Corben** have I seen such lavish air-brush work. I don't know where he came from. But don't let him go back there!

CATHY LYLE
Clinton, N.C.

In my opinion, there is no artist greater than **Alfredo Alcalá**. I was so pleased to find his magnificent work in the pages of 1984. Please, please feature much, much more of his decorative art.

TERESE ARENDS
Teague, Texas

Ever since he began illustrating Warren's series, **The Rook**, I've loved **Luis Bermejo's** art. Give him more whimsical scripts like "Faster Than Light." This is a side of his talent we all-too rarely see.

BARBARA WILMER
Cranberry, W. Virginia

Send all letters to: 1984 MAGAZINE, WARREN PUBLISHING, 145 East 32nd Street, N.Y. N.Y., 10016

The LAST WAR...

THE TIME: NOW.
THE PLACE: HER MAJESTY'S
GOLDEN ISLES.

I SAY, BATTERSHAM,
THOSE MENTAL DEGENERATES
UP AT PARLIAMENT
HAVEN'T GONE AND DECLARED
WAR ON ANYONE TO-
DAY, HAVE THEY?

DASHED IF
I KNOW, FROTHINGAY.
WHY DO YOU
ASK?

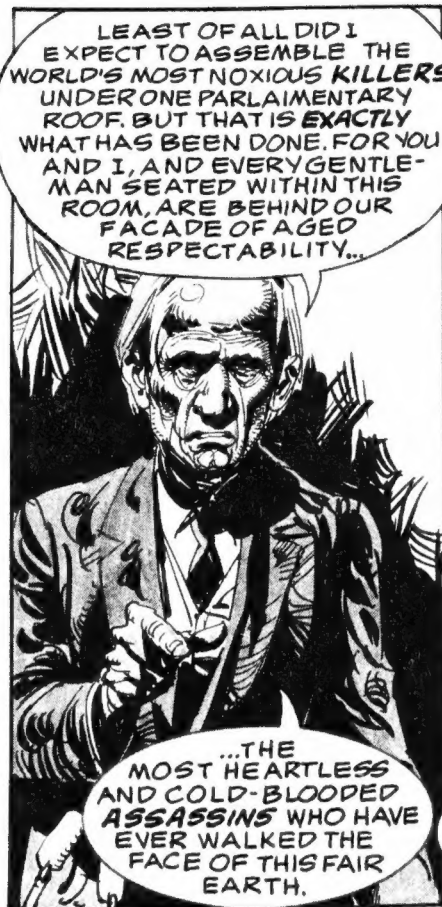
OH...I JUST
THOUGHT IT WOULD
EXPLAIN THAT RATHER
LARGE **MISSILE** HEADED
OUR WAY.





ESTEEMED COLLEAGUES, NO DOUBT YOU ARE SURPRISED, BEWILDERED, PERHAPS EVEN **AWED** AT HAVING BEEN INVITED HERE TODAY, AS RESPECTED GUESTS OF HER MAJESTY, ELIZABETH.

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I, TOO AM OVERAWED. NEVER DID I EXPECT TO BE CALLING UPON GREAT BRITAIN'S POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC **ADVERSARIES**, AS WELL AS HER HONORABLE **ALLIES** TO UNITE IN THIS DIRE HOUR OF **NEED**.



LEAST OF ALL DID I EXPECT TO ASSEMBLE THE WORLD'S MOST NOXIOUS **KILLERS** UNDER ONE PARLAMENTARY ROOF. BUT THAT IS **EXACTLY** WHAT HAS BEEN DONE, FOR YOU AND I, AND EVERY GENTLEMAN SEATED WITHIN THIS ROOM, ARE BEHIND OUR **FACADE** OF AGED **RESPECTABILITY**...

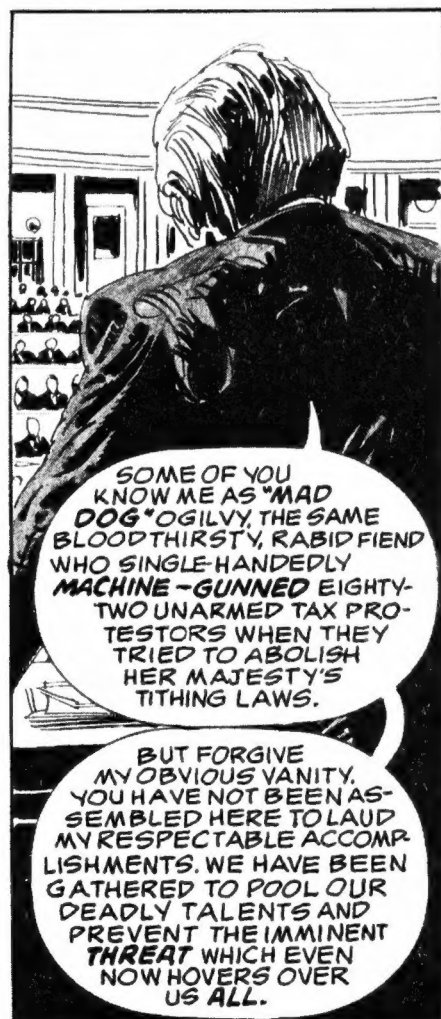
...THE MOST **HEARTLESS** AND **COLD-BLOODED ASSASSINS** WHO HAVE EVER WALKED THE **FACE** OF THIS FAIR **EARTH**.



AH, **YES!** THE **INNOCENT** STARES OF **PROPER INDIGNATION**. COME, COME, GENTLEMEN. THERE IS **NO NEED** FOR **PRETENSE** **HERE**. EACH OF US IS **WELL-AWARE** OF THE **ROLE** OF OUR **ADMIRABLE COLLEAGUES**. WHAT SORT OF **SPIES** WOULD WE BE IF WE WERE **NOT?**

I READILY ADMIT THAT I, **HIERONYMUS OGLIVY**, AM, BEHIND THIS PRESENTABLE **PRETENSE** OF THE **COMMONWEAL'S** PRIVATE ACCOUNTANT, THE **HEAD** OF BRITAIN'S **SECRET LIQUIDATION FORCE**...

...THAT BRANCH OF OUR **UNDERCOVER SERVICES** CHARGED WITH **SWIFT** AND **CERTAIN ELIMINATION** OF **POLITICAL PAINS** IN HER MAJESTY'S **ARSE!**



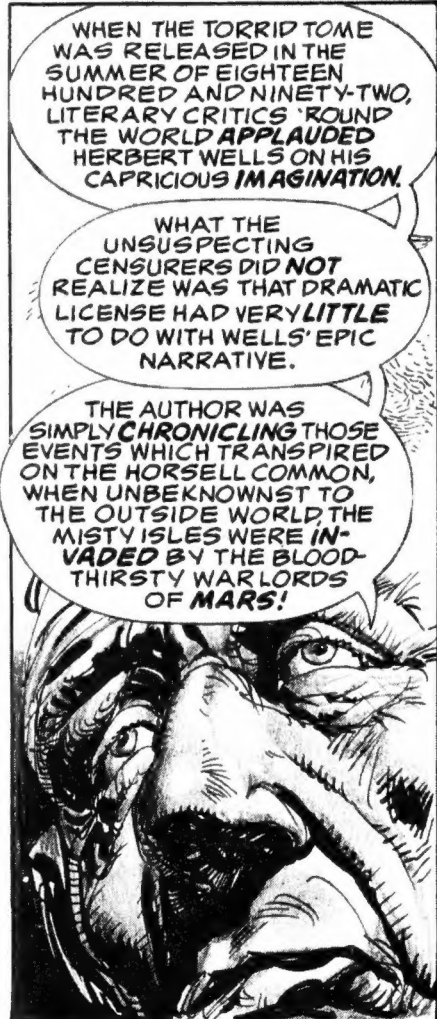
SOME OF YOU KNOW ME AS **"MAD DOG" OGLIVY**, THE SAME **BLOODTHIRSTY, RABID FIEND** WHO **SINGLE-HANDEDLY MACHINE-GUNNED** **EIGHTY-TWO** UNARMED **TAX PROTESTORS** WHEN THEY TRIED TO **ABOLISH** HER MAJESTY'S **TITHING LAWS**.

BUT FORGIVE MY **OBVIOUS VANITY**. YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ASSEMBLED HERE TO **LAUD** MY **RESPECTABLE ACCOMPLISHMENTS**. WE HAVE BEEN GATHERED TO **POOL** OUR **DEADLY TALENTS** AND **PREVENT** THE **IMMINENT THREAT** WHICH EVEN NOW **HOVERS** OVER US **ALL**.



THE MAJORITY OF YOU, I AM SURE, ARE FAMILIAR WITH H. G. WELLS' CLASSIC TREATISE, THE APOCALYPTICAL **"WAR OF THE WORLDS!"**

FOR THE BENEFIT OF OUR **FRENCH FRIENDS** AND OTHERS UNFAMILIAR WITH **RUDIMENTARY LITERATURE**, IT IS THE **FANCIFUL TALE** OF OUR **NEIGHBORS FROM MARS** AND HOW THEY **DAMN NEAR TOOK** OVER OUR **WORLD**.



WHEN THE **TORRID TOME** WAS RELEASED IN THE **SUMMER** OF **EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-TWO**, **LITERARY CRITICS 'ROUND THE WORLD APPLAUDED** **HERBERT WELLS** ON HIS **CAPRICIOUS IMAGINATION**.

WHAT THE **UNSUSPECTING CENSURERS** DID **NOT** REALIZE WAS THAT **DRAMATIC LICENSE** HAD **VERY LITTLE** TO DO WITH **WELLS' EPIC NARRATIVE**.

THE **AUTHOR** WAS **SIMPLY CHRONICLING** THOSE **EVENTS** WHICH **TRANSPIRED** ON THE **HORSELL COMMON**, WHEN **UNBEKNOWNST** TO THE **OUTSIDE WORLD** THE **MISTY ISLES** WERE **INVADED** BY THE **BLOOD-THIRSTY WARLORDS** OF **MARS!**



CAN YOU HEAR THE NOISES, BATTERSHAM? SOUNDS RATHER LIKE SOMEONE SCRAPING AWAY AT THE INSIDE OF THE BLASTED THING ...TRYING TO FORCE THEIR WAY OUT.

AND LOOK, BATTERSHAM! THERE IS A HATCH OF SOME SORT, AND IT SEEMS TO BE OPENING.

ISAY, FROTHINGAY, DOESN'T ALL THIS HAVE A DEUCEDLY FAMILIAR RING TO IT?



COR! IT'S BLOOMIN' MONSTERS!

RUN! RUN FOR YOUR BLEEDIN' LIVES!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN, BATTERSHAM. I HAVEN'T IN ALL MY LIFE SEEN SUCH HORRENDOUS BRUTES!



PERHAPS NOT, BUT THOSE HEAT RAYS ARE DISAGREEABLY FAMILIAR.

I PERCEIVE IT WILL BE TO OUR UNMISTAKEABLE ADVANTAGE TO PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE BETWEEN OURSELVES AND THOSE BARBARIC REPROBATES IN AS SHORT A PERIOD AS POSSIBLE.

INDEED, DEAR FROTHINGAY, I WHOLE HEARTEDLY CONCUR.

...of the WORLDS!

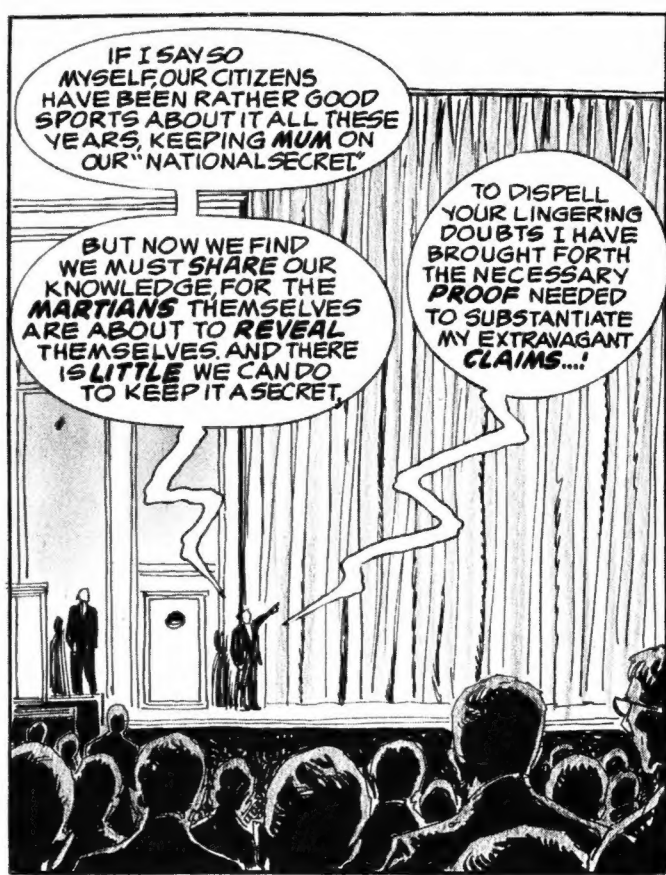




YES, MY FELLOW MERCENARIES, I UNDERSTAND YOUR **SKEPTICISM**. BUT I **ASSURE** YOU, **MARTIANS** ARE VERY MUCH **FACT**. EVEN NOW, THEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO LAY WASTE TO OUR BELOVED HOME-LAND.

WHY, YOU UNDERSTANDABLY ASK, HAS THE ENGLISH CROWN UNTIL NOW **SUPPRESSED** THE EXISTENCE OF THESE RANCOROUS FIENDS?

CALL IT WHIMSY. CALL IT GOOD HUMOUR. CALL IT GREAT BRITAIN'S PERVERSE LITTLE JOKE ON A GULLIBLE HUMANKIND. YOU WILL RECALL THAT WE **DID REVEAL ALL...** WITHIN WELLS' TREATISE, WHICH YOU PREFERRED TO LABEL AS MERE IMPROBABLE FICTION.



IF I SAY SO MYSELF, OUR CITIZENS HAVE BEEN RATHER GOOD SPORTS ABOUT IT ALL THESE YEARS, KEEPING MUM ON OUR "NATIONAL SECRET".

TO DISPELL YOUR LINGERING DOUBTS I HAVE BROUGHT FORTH THE NECESSARY **PROOF** NEEDED TO SUBSTANTIATE MY EXTRAVAGANT CLAIMS...

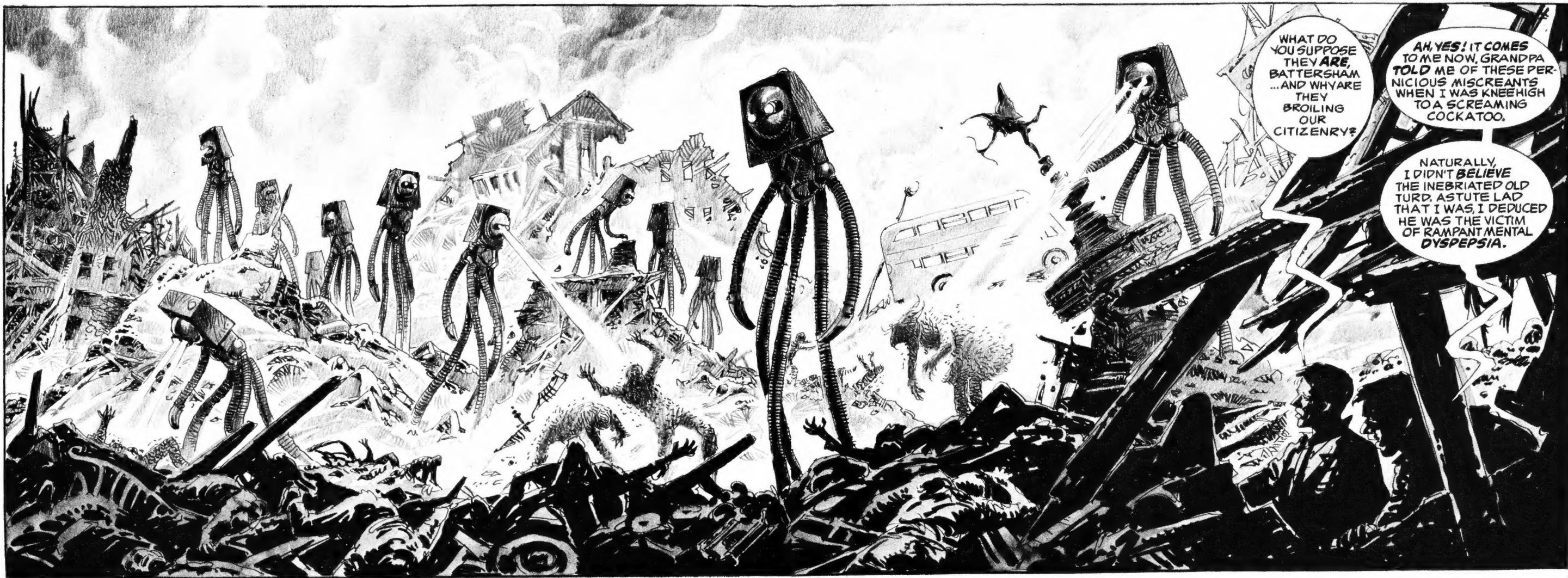
BUT NOW WE FIND WE MUST SHARE OUR KNOWLEDGE, FOR THE **MARTIANS** THEMSELVES ARE ABOUT TO REVEAL THEMSELVES. AND THERE IS LITTLE WE CAN DO TO KEEP IT A SECRET.



I GIVE YOU ONE OF THE ACTUAL **WAR MACHINES** UTILIZED BY THE MARTIANS ON THAT FATEFUL NIGHT SO LONG AGO, WHEN THE ASSIDUOUS LITTLE DEVILS TRIED TO **ANNEX ALL** OF BRITAIN.



IT HAS BEEN IN MY GOVERNMENTS HANDS THESE MANY YEARS, HIDDEN AWAY FROM THE PRYING EYES OF OUTSIDERS.



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY ARE, BATTERSHAM... AND WHY ARE THEY BROILING OUR CITIZENRY?

AH, YES! IT COMES TO ME NOW, GRANDPA TOLD ME OF THESE PERNICIOUS MISCREANTS WHEN I WAS KNEEHIGH TO A SCREAMING COCKATOO.

NATURALLY, I DIDN'T BELIEVE THE INEBRIATED OLD TURD. ASTUTE LAD THAT I WAS, I DEDUCED HE WAS THE VICTIM OF RAMPANT MENTAL DYSPEPSIA.



FURTHER... TO
DISPELL THE
MOST PERSISTANT OF
YOUR DOUBTS...



... I PRESENT
TO YOU THE **BODY**
OF AN AUTHENTIC
MARTIAN, TAKEN
FROM THE HORSELL
COMMON... MORE
THAN FOUR SCORE
YEARS AGO...

... **PICKLED**,
NATURALLY, IN
ANCIENT BUT AFFABLE
PRESERVATIVES.

GASP!
NO!
MEIN
GOTT!
IMPOSSIBLE!
MY GOD!
SHEEEE-IT!



THIS LONG-CONCEALED
EVIDENCE, PLUS ONE
ADDITIONAL AND INESCAPABLE
FACT, HAS PROMPTED MY
GOVERNMENT TO CALL THIS
EMERGENCY GATHERING.

WE ARE
OF THE OPINION
THAT THE EARTH IS
IN IMMINENT
PERIL.



THIS **PHOTOGRAPH**,
TAKEN AT THE MOUNT
WAPSHOT OBSERVATORY
ONLY THIS MORNING...

... IS THE **FIRST**
SIGHTING OF A HURL-
ING **MARTIAN PROJECTILE**
ON AN INALTERABLE
COURSE TOWARDS
EARTH!



CERTAINLY
YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO LEAVE ME IN THIS
PERPLEXED STATE
OF IRRESOLUTION,
BATTERSHAM.

TELL ME
WHAT IT WAS
THAT YOUR PROGENITOR
HAD TO SAY ABOUT THESE
DISINGENOUS ROGUES.

I HOPE YOU WILL NOT
TAKE **OFFENSE**, FROTHINGAY,
BUT BEFORE I VENTURE FURTHER
ELUCIDATION, I MUST ASCERTAIN
WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE A LOYAL
CITIZEN OF THE ENGLISHCROWN,
WITH NO TAXES IN ARREARS.

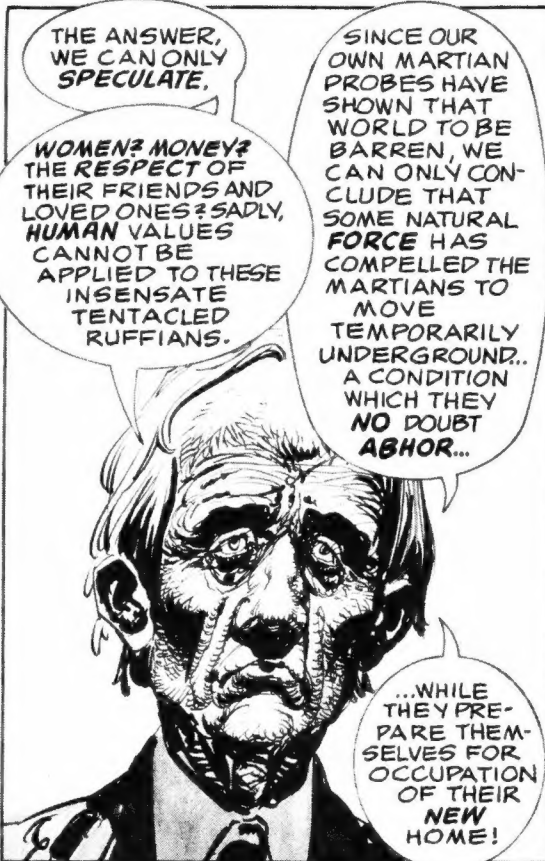


TO ALL BUT OUR FRENCH FRIENDS, IT MUST BE STARKLY OBVIOUS THAT WE ARE ABOUT TO BE INVADIED BY EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS. YET ONE GNAWING QUESTION REMAINS.

WHY?

WHY WOULD MARTIAN ENTITIES WISH TO OCCUPY OUR HOSTILE ENVIRONMENT...

...WHEN IN FACT, THEY WERE REPELLED IN THEIR FIRST ABORTIVE ATTEMPT BY NOTHING MORE CONSPICUOUS THAN OUR OWN BOUNTIFUL MICROBES.

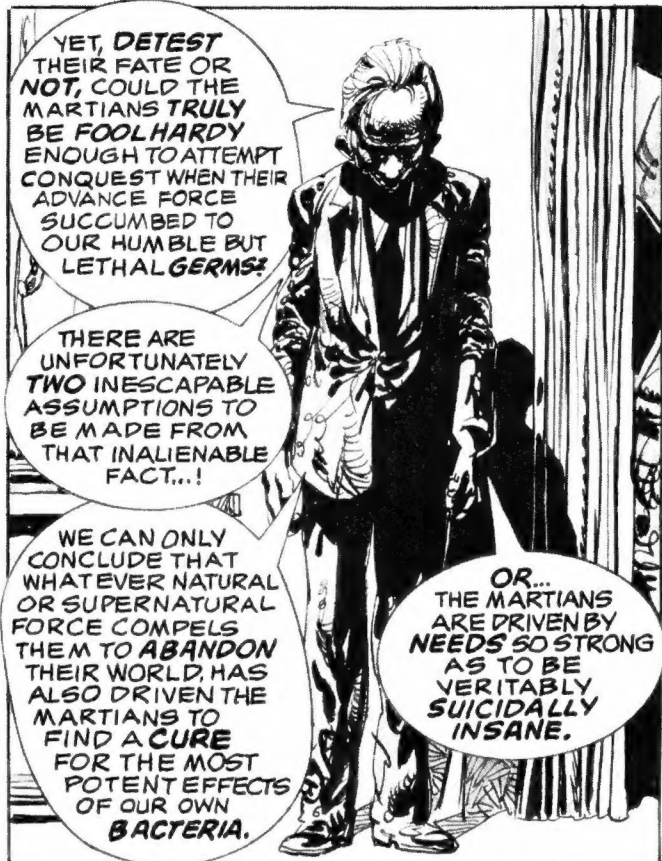


THE ANSWER, WE CAN ONLY SPECULATE.

WOMEN? MONEY? THE RESPECT OF THEIR FRIENDS AND LOVED ONES? SADLY, HUMAN VALUES CANNOT BE APPLIED TO THESE INSENSATE TENTACLED RUFFIANS.

SINCE OUR OWN MARTIAN PROBES HAVE SHOWN THAT WORLD TO BE BARREN, WE CAN ONLY CONCLUDE THAT SOME NATURAL FORCE HAS COMPELLED THE MARTIANS TO MOVE TEMPORARILY UNDERGROUND... A CONDITION WHICH THEY NO DOUBT ABHOR...

...WHILE THEY PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR OCCUPATION OF THEIR NEW HOME!

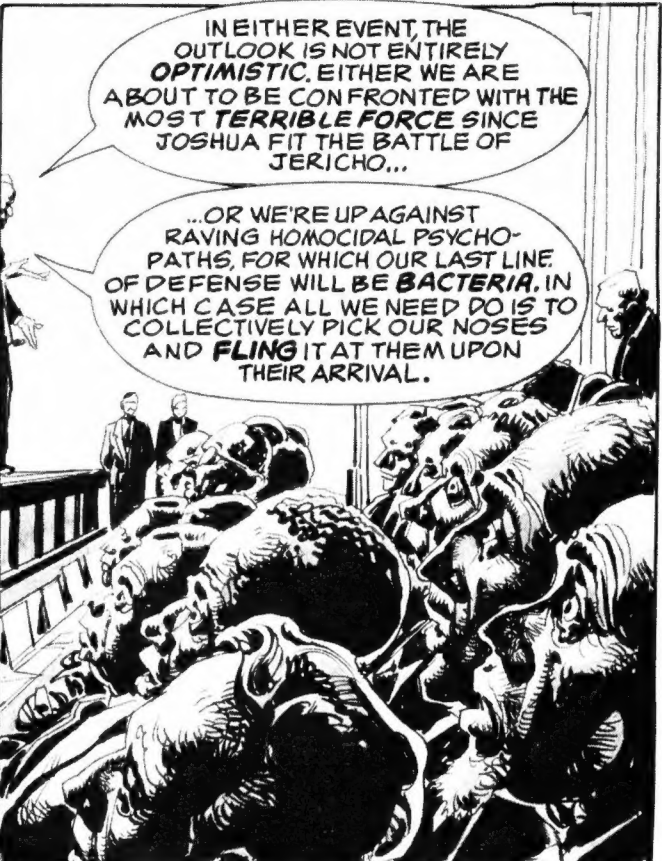


YET, DETEST THEIR FATE OR NOT, COULD THE MARTIANS TRULY BE FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO ATTEMPT CONQUEST WHEN THEIR ADVANCE FORCE SUCCUMBED TO OUR HUMBLE BUT LETHAL GERMS?

THERE ARE UNFORTUNATELY TWO INESCAPABLE ASSUMPTIONS TO BE MADE FROM THAT INALIENABLE FACT...!

WE CAN ONLY CONCLUDE THAT WHATEVER NATURAL OR SUPERNATURAL FORCE COMPELS THEM TO ABANDON THEIR WORLD, HAS ALSO DRIVEN THE MARTIANS TO FIND A CURE FOR THE MOST POTENT EFFECTS OF OUR OWN BACTERIA.

OR... THE MARTIANS ARE DRIVEN BY NEEDS SO STRONG AS TO BE VERITABLY SUICIDALLY INSANE.



IN EITHER EVENT, THE OUTLOOK IS NOT ENTIRELY OPTIMISTIC. EITHER WE ARE ABOUT TO BE CONFRONTED WITH THE MOST TERRIBLE FORCE SINCE JOSHUA FIT THE BATTLE OF JERICO...

...OR WE'RE UP AGAINST RAVING HOMOCIDAL PSYCHOPATHS, FOR WHICH OUR LAST LINE OF DEFENSE WILL BE BACTERIA. IN WHICH CASE ALL WE NEED DO IS TO COLLECTIVELY PICK OUR NOSES AND FLING IT AT THEM UPON THEIR ARRIVAL.

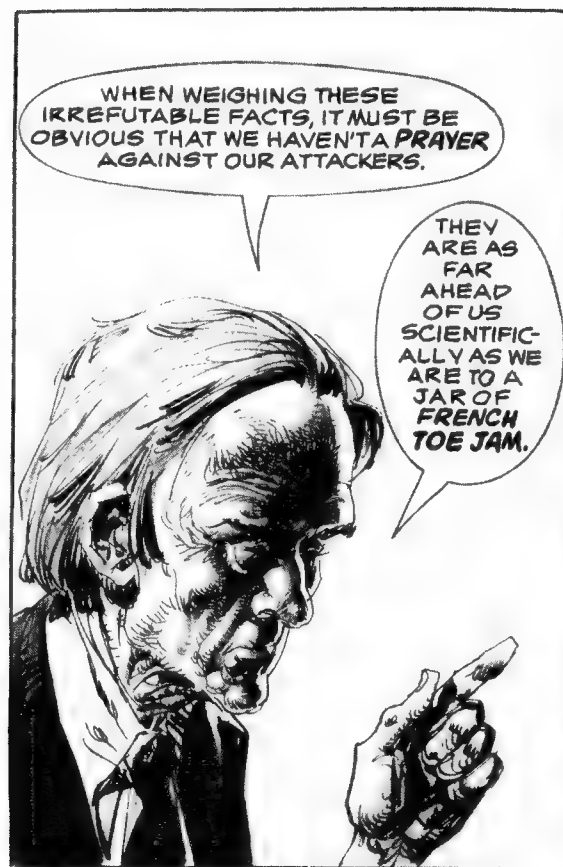


YOU KNOW BLOODY WELL I'M A LOYAL ENGLISHMAN, YOU BLITHERING IMBECILE. WE SERVED IN THE FIFTIETH INDIAN PARACHUTE BRIGADE TOGETHER.

BUT WHAT BLOODY DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHETHER I AM AN AUTOCHTHONOUS TOMMY OR NOT?

I FEAR THAT I HAVE GIVEN MY WORD, FROTHINGAY, THE OLD SCOUNDREL SWORE ME TO SECRECY. I CAN REVEAL THE TRUTH TO NAUGHT BUT A BLUE-BLOODED ENGLISHMAN.

I QUITE UNDERSTAND, BATTERSHAM. I'M AS BLUE-BLOODED AS THEY COME!



WHEN WEIGHING THESE IRREFUTABLE FACTS, IT MUST BE OBVIOUS THAT WE HAVEN'T A PRAYER AGAINST OUR ATTACKERS.

THEY ARE AS FAR AHEAD OF US SCIENTIFICALLY AS WE ARE TO A JAR OF FRENCH TOE JAM.



ALL THAT WE HAVE LEARNED, WE HAVE TAKEN FROM THEM.

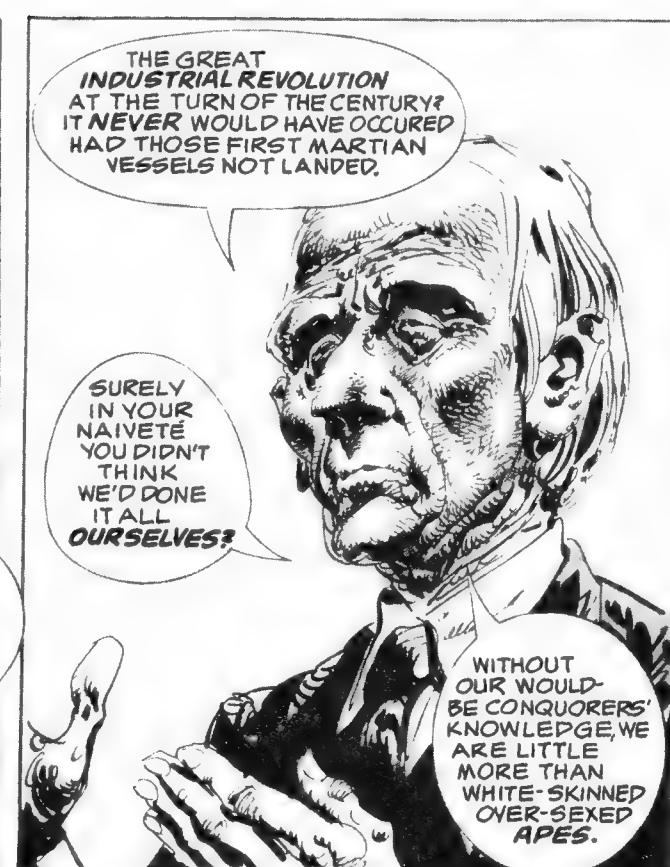
UNTIL THEY INADVERTANTLY LEFT US THEIR SHIPS AND FIGHTING MACHINES TO STUDY, WE WERE A RACE OF TECHNOLOGICAL CORNHOLES.



MY GOVERNMENT, OF COURSE, CONFISCATED THE MACHINES...AND OUR SCIENTISTS TORE THEM APART, EXAMINING THEIR MINUTEST DETAILS TO ASCERTAIN WHAT MADE THEM TICK.

THEN WE REAPPLIED THE PRINCIPLES WE'D UNCOVERED AND BUILT AUTOMOBILES AND AEROPLANES AND FLUSH TOILETS, WHICH NATURALLY, THE ENTIRE WORLD WAS QUICK TO COPY.

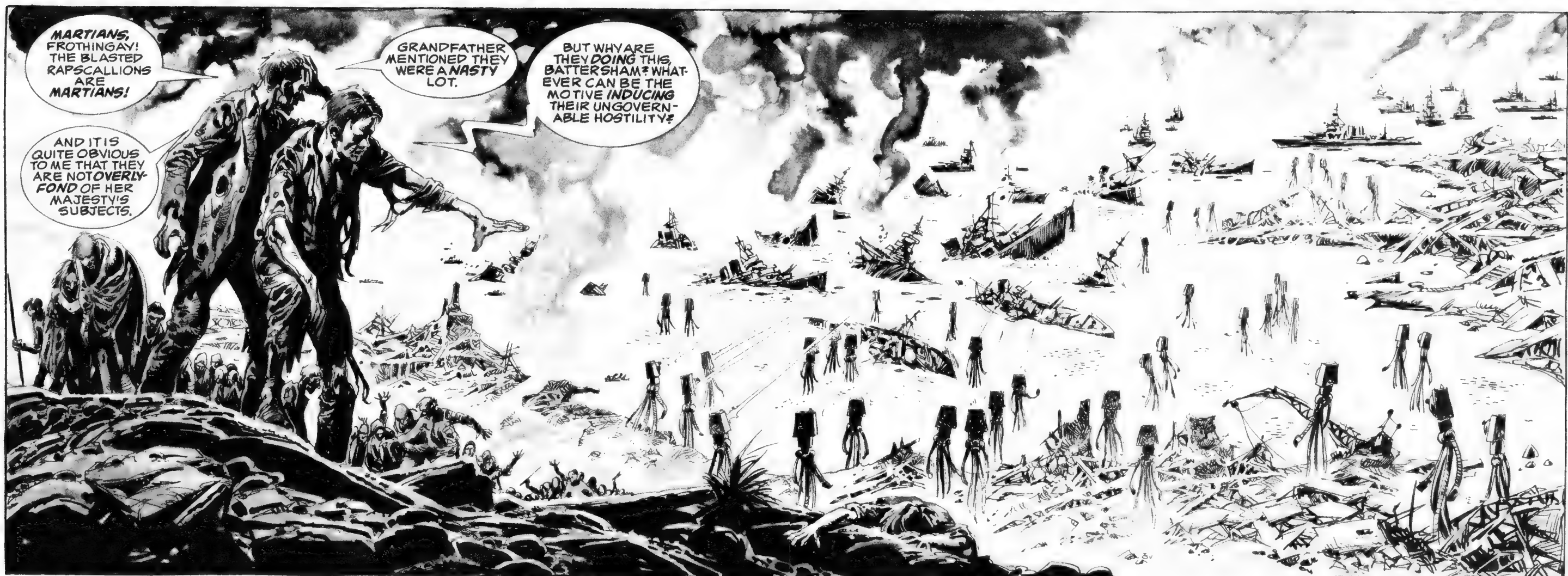
WE HAVE FILLED THE EARTH WITH DEVICES BASED ON ADVANCED MARTIAN SCIENCES.



THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY? IT NEVER WOULD HAVE OCCURED HAD THOSE FIRST MARTIAN VESSELS NOT LANDED.

SURELY IN YOUR NAIVETE YOU DIDN'T THINK WE'D DONE IT ALL OURSELVES?

WITHOUT OUR WOULD-BE CONQUERERS' KNOWLEDGE, WE ARE LITTLE MORE THAN WHITE-SKINNED OVER-SEXED APES.

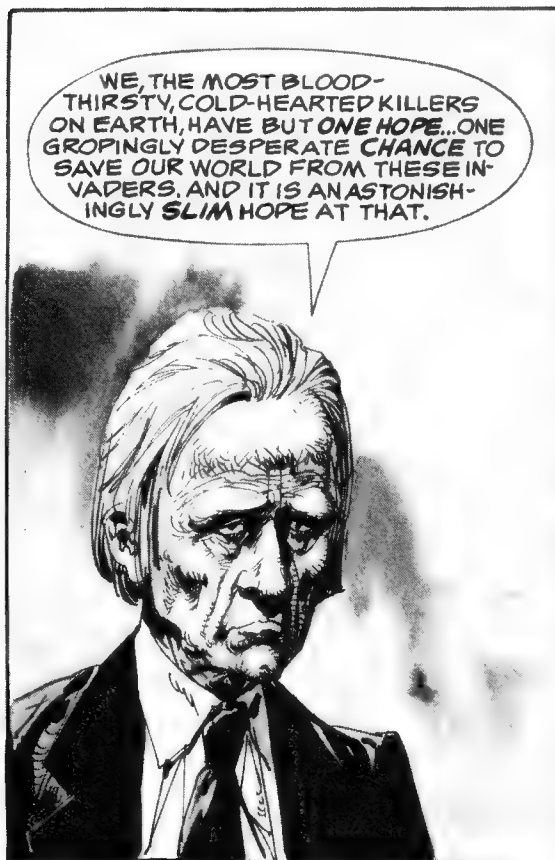


MARTIANS, FROTHINGAY! THE BLASTED RAPSCALLIONS ARE MARTIANS!

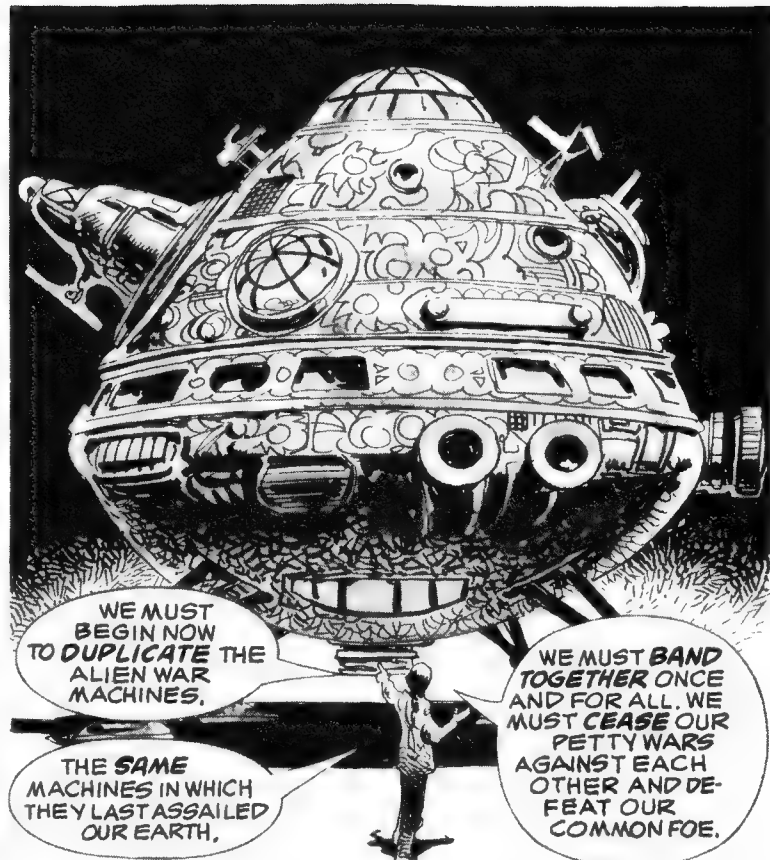
AND IT IS QUITE OBVIOUS TO ME THAT THEY ARE NOT OVERLY FOND OF HER MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS.

GRANDFATHER MENTIONED THEY WERE A NASTY LOT.

BUT WHY ARE THEY DOING THIS, BATTERSHAM? WHAT EVER CAN BE THE MOTIVE INDUCING THEIR UNGOVERNABLE HOSTILITY?



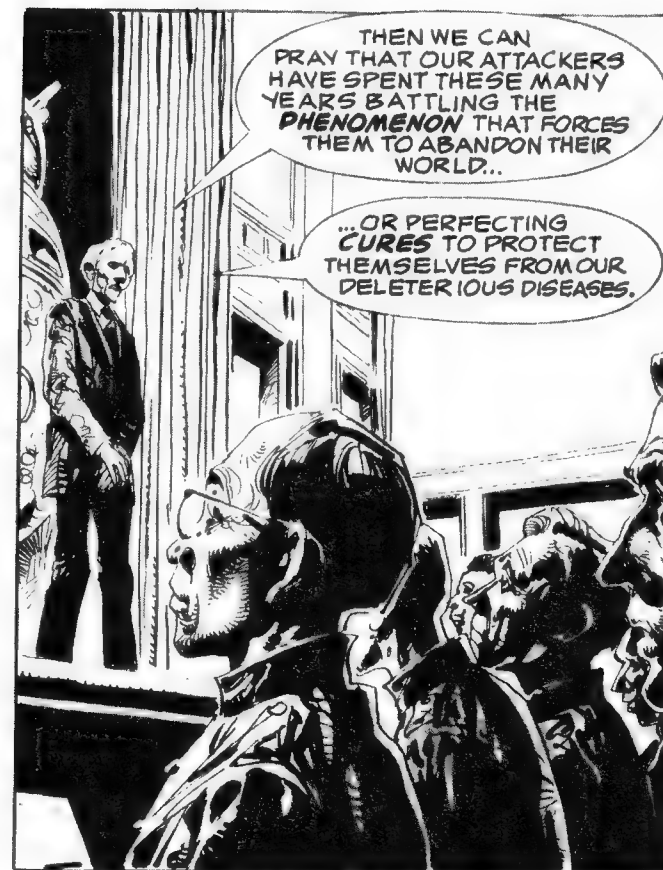
WE, THE MOST BLOOD-THIRSTY, COLD-HEARTED KILLERS ON EARTH, HAVE BUT ONE HOPE... ONE GROPINGLY DESPERATE CHANCE TO SAVE OUR WORLD FROM THESE INVADERS, AND IT IS AN ASTONISHINGLY SLIM HOPE AT THAT.



WE MUST BEGIN NOW TO DUPLICATE THE ALIEN WAR MACHINES.

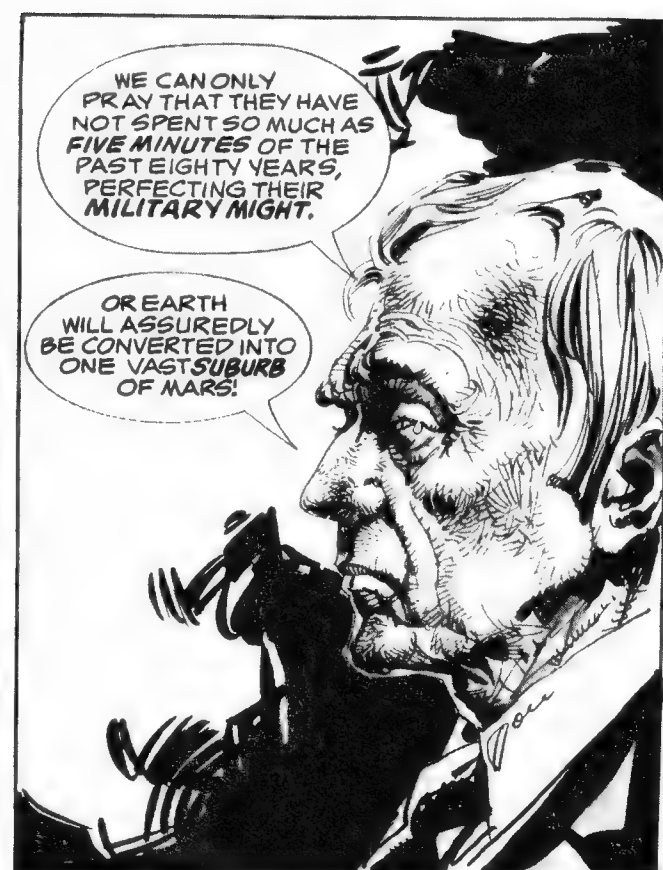
THE SAME MACHINES IN WHICH THEY LAST ASSAILED OUR EARTH.

WE MUST BAND TOGETHER ONCE AND FOR ALL. WE MUST CEASE OUR PETTY WARS AGAINST EACH OTHER AND DEFEAT OUR COMMON FOE.



THEN WE CAN PRAY THAT OUR ATTACKERS HAVE SPENT THESE MANY YEARS BATTLING THE PHENOMENON THAT FORCES THEM TO ABANDON THEIR WORLD...

...OR PERFECTING CURES TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM OUR DELETERIOUS DISEASES.



WE CAN ONLY PRAY THAT THEY HAVE NOT SPENT SO MUCH AS FIVE MINUTES OF THE PAST EIGHTY YEARS, PERFECTING THEIR MILITARY MIGHT.

OR EARTH WILL ASSUREDLY BE CONVERTED INTO ONE VAST SUBURB OF MARS!



I FEAR GRANDFATHER WAS VERY VAGUE ON THAT PARTICULAR TRIFLING, FROTHINGAY. HE EXPOUNDED MORE ON THEIR IRREFRAGABLE INVULNERABILITY THAN ON THEIR INDUCEMENT TO PASSIONATE UNFRIENDLINESS.

GOOD HEAVENS, BATTERSHAM, THERE'S MORE OF THE BLIGHTERS COMING OVER THAT RISE!

BUT... BUT THEY ARE SETTING UPON THEIR KINDRED?

I SAY! THIS IS MOST PERPLEXING.



AH, YES!
IT IS SUDDENLY
MANIFESTLY
COMPREHENSIBLE
TO ME, BATTERSHAM.

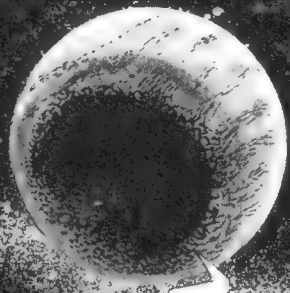
THE BLIGHTERS
WITHIN THOSE CUMBER-
SOME CONVEYANCES ARE
NOT MARTIANS AT ALL... BUT
THE **SAVIORS** OF FREE-THINKING
ENGLISHMEN EVERYWHERE...!
THE **CHAMPIONS** OF A DOWN-
TRODDEN HUMANITY...! THE
CONSPICUOUS **DE-**
FENDERS OF VENER-
ABLE MATER EARTH!

YOU REALIZE,
OF COURSE, WHAT
THIS **MEANS**, FROTHIN-
GAY...! **TODAY** WE
HUMBLE MARS.
TOMORROW WE
TACKLE THE
UNIVERSE!

IT IS THE
CAVALRY TO
THE RESCUE, EH,
BATTERSHAM!
UTILIZING THE
MALEVOLENT BLACK-
GUARD'S OWN
ABOMINABLE AC-
COUTREMENTS
AGAINST THEM!

MY WORD,
FROTHINGAY. WE'RE
SIMPLY GOING TO BE
HELL TO LIVE WITH!

SHE HANGS LIMPLY IN THE HEAVENS, LIFELESS AND COLD. SAVE FOR A FEW FEEBLE STIRRINGS, THE LAST OF HER SONS IS GONE.



WHATTAYA THINK, RAGNORD? IT'S ANWFULLY QUIET DOWN THERE.

I FEAR THE WORST, ZORBB... THAT OUR BROTHERS HAVE AGAIN BEEN SABOTAGED.

BUT WHY, RAGNORD? TO WHAT UNFATHOM-ABLE AVAIL?



WHO CAN UNDER- STAND THE ILLOGICAL WAYS OF THE MUDDLE- HEADED EARTHIAN?

INDEED! THEY MUST ALL BE BLESSED WITH THE INTELLIGENCE OF A JAR OF PHOBIAN TOE JAM.



HAVEN'T THEY EVER HEARD OF URBAN RENEWAL?

HERE WE OFFER THEM INEXPENSIVE LABOR, CHEAPER THAN UNION RATES, TO DEMOLISH THEIR ARCHAIC CITIES... AND THIN OUT THEIR EXCESSIVE POPULATION!

AND ALL WE ASK IN EXCHANGE IS A LITTLE WHOLESOME CARBON MONOXIDE... AND A PLACE TO HANG OUR TATTERED HATS!

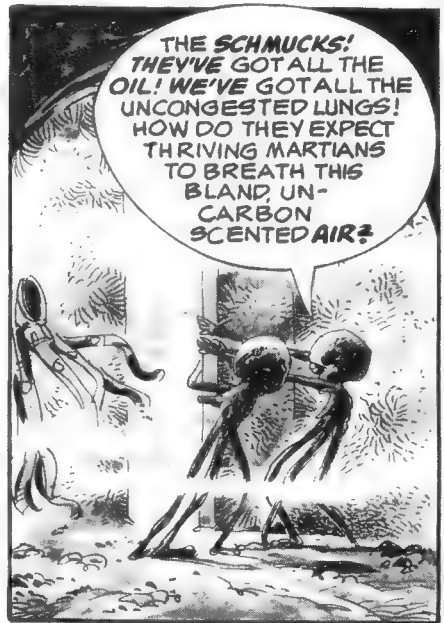
I MEAN... JEEZ! THEY MANUFACTURE IT BY THE SHIT-LOAD EVERY TIME THEY TURN ON THEIR AUTO-MOBILES.



WHY DO THEY THINK WE GAVE THEM THOSE FOSSIL BURNERS IN THE FIRST PLACE? YAWN!!



THE SCHMUCKS! THEY'VE GOT ALL THE OIL! WE'VE GOT ALL THE UNCONGESTED LUNGS! HOW DO THEY EXPECT THRIVING MARTIANS TO BREATHE THIS BLAND, UN-CARBON SCENTED AIR?



WE'VE WAITED ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY REVS* FOR THE ATMOSPHERE OVER THEIR CITIES TO BE SWEETENED SUFFICIENTLY FOR OUR DISCERNING TASTES.

AND WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR OUR CO-HABITATION, THEY TURN US OUT LIKE BEZONIAN VAGABONDS!



* APPROXIMATELY EIGHTY YEARS.

OH, WELL, ZORBB! YAWN!! IT LOOKS LIKE WE GO BACK INTO HIBERNATION. IN ANOTHER ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY REVS WE'LL TRY AGAIN.



BY THAT TIME THEY'LL REALLY HAVE GUNKED UP THE AIR.

IT'LL BE LIKE LIVING INSIDE THE EXHAUST SYSTEM OF A '58 EDESEL!

AH! I CAN SMELL IT NOW! THE NECTARIOUS AROMA OF ECSTASY!



I REALLY EXPECTED **ARMAGEDDON** TO BE A BIG DEAL, Y'KNOW. WHAT WITH ALL THE BUILDUP IT WAS ACCORDED IN THE PRESS FOR ALL THOSE COUNTLESS YEARS. THE PLAY IT RECEIVED IN THE BIBLE; I MEAN, A WHOLE **CHAPTER** FOR CHRIST'S SAKE...! AND THE WAY IT WAS BUILT UP ON THE PULPITS OF THE WORLD, BY FIRE-SPOUTING PREACHERS, WARNING US THAT IF WE DIDN'T STOP COVETING OUR NEIGHBOR'S GOODS AND SLIPPING IT TO HIS WIFE ON THE SLY, THE WRATH OF THE BE-NEVOLENT ALMIGHTY WOULD COME RAININ' DOWN ON OUR CHICKEN HEADS.

SO **WHAT** HAPPENS? THE END OF THE WORLD COMES AND GOES. **POFFFF!** JUST LIKE THAT. BLINK YOUR EYES AND YOU MISSED THE WHOLE FUCKING SHOW. NO DEVILS. NO DEMONS. NO ANGELIC SCOURGES FLAMING FROM THE HEAVENS. SHIT! WE DIDN'T EVEN GET THE PROMISED **ANTI-CHRIST**. UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU WANT TO COUNT **IDIAMIN**, WHO WAS SO ILLITERATE ANYWAY, HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THE TERM **MEANT**.

IN A WAY, OLD **IDI** IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SHAPE THE WORLD'S IN NOW. **IDI** AND **ME!** ME? I'M **DOG-MEAT JONES**, SUPER-JOCK SPY AND ALL' AROUND SWEETHEART OF A GUY. I WAS UNDERGROUND WHEN THE GREAT FIREWORKS CAME; IN A SECRET LAB HEADQUARTERS, AS HOKEY AS IT SOUNDS, AT THE BASE OF EGYPT'S FAMED SPHINX. ME AND A COUPLE OF THE BOYS FROM **D.D.T.*** GOT TOGETHER AND PLAYED SORT OF A **JOKE** ON **IDI AMIN**. WE JUMBLED AROUND HIS CHROMOSOMES AND TRANSFORMED THE FORMER GORILLA-FACED LEADER OF UGANDA INTO THIS HEAVENLY IMAGE OF WHITE ANGLO-SAXON FEMININITY.

WE GOT THE FEELING, THOUGH, THAT **IDI**'S COUNTRYMEN DIDN'T **APPRECIATE** OUR SENSE OF HUMOR. THEY **NUKED** HOLY SHIT OUT OF US AND STARTED THE LATE, GREAT THIRTY-SECOND WAR THAT **CHAR-BROILED** THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF OLD MUDBALL EARTH. **IDI** AND I BOTH **SURVIVED** BUT SIX MONTHS LATER, THE VISION INCARNATE THAT WAS **IDI AMIN** HAD ME WISHING THAT I WAS RIGHT ALONGSIDE MY CRISPLY COOKED COMPADRES, STOKING THE FIRES OF HELL.

*AMERICA'S SUPER-SECRET COVERT ORGANIZATION, THE **DEPARTMENT OF DIRTY TRICKS**. SEE LAST ISSUE'S "WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO **IDI AMIN!**"

IDI and ME

IDI!! IDI!! IDI! WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET IT THROUGH THAT THICK BUT BEAUTIFUL SKULL OF YOURS? YOU HAVE **NO MORE** HOMELAND.

AFTER YOUR PEOPLE STARTED THE **WAR**, WE RETALIATED AND LEFT A CRATER THE SIZE OF THE **MOON** WHERE **UGANDA** USED TO BE.

YOU KNOW, THESE AM REALLY NICE **BAZOOMS!** IN DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCE, **IDI** BE GREAT **ADMIRER** OF YOUR CRAFTSMANSHIP!


HMMMMM! IF **IDI**'S BOYS ALL BE DEAD, IT BE AWFUL HARD FOR THEM TO COME UP WITH REMEDY FOR **IDI**'S **CONDITION!**

WHAT'S **THIS?** IS THE GREAT BUT EXASPERATED **IDIAMIN** ACTUALLY WARMING UP ENOUGH TO PAY HIS ARCH-CAPITALIST FOE A **COMPLIMENT?**

DON'T LET IT GO TO YOU LECHEROUS HEAD! WAS **CLEVER** PLOY OF AMERICAN MEAT-DOG SLIME TO TAKE AWAY **IDI**'S GIANT ONE-EYED **DINGUS...**

...BUT **IDI** STILL **CUT OUT** YOU HEART WHEN WE GET TO **IDI**'S BELOVED HOMELAND!

I THINK YOU'RE CATCHIN' **ON!**



THOUGHT
HAD CROSSED
IDI'S FERTILE
MIND!

BUT
WHAT IDI
DO?
WHERE IDI
GO TO GET
BACK LONG
LOST
MANHOOD?

HMMMMM!
MAYBE MEATDOG
HAVE HIDDEN CURE
SOMEWHERE!

'BOUT
THE ONLY
HOPE YOU'VE
GOT, M'MAN, IS
T'FIND YOUR-
SELF A **SWEET**
YOUNG THING WITH
AN INORDINATE
PASSION FOR
THE FAIRER
SEX.

THAT, OR
PRAY TO THE GREAT
GODS OF WANTON
LUST THAT THOSE
WONDEROUS CLINICS
OF **COPENHAGEN**
HAVEN'T BEEN
BOMBED INTO
IRREPARABLE
OBLIVION!

WHAT
DO Y' THINK, ID,
THAT I'VE
GOT YOUR
JOYSTICK
STASHED
AWAY IN A
BURIED JAR
SOMEPLACE?

COPEEHAGEE,
EH? AM THAT NOT
PLACE WHERE **WEENIE**
DOCTORS DO SEXY
CHANGE?

YOU **GOT IT,**
ID, SEXUAL "CUT
AND PASTE" CAPITAL
OF THE WORLD!

OKAY!
THAT WHERE
WE GO! RIGHT
AFTER WE GET
IDI BIG JUICY
STEAK FOR
LUNCH!

OH CHRIST!
THE FUNCTIONAL RE-
TARD **NEVER**
LEARNS!

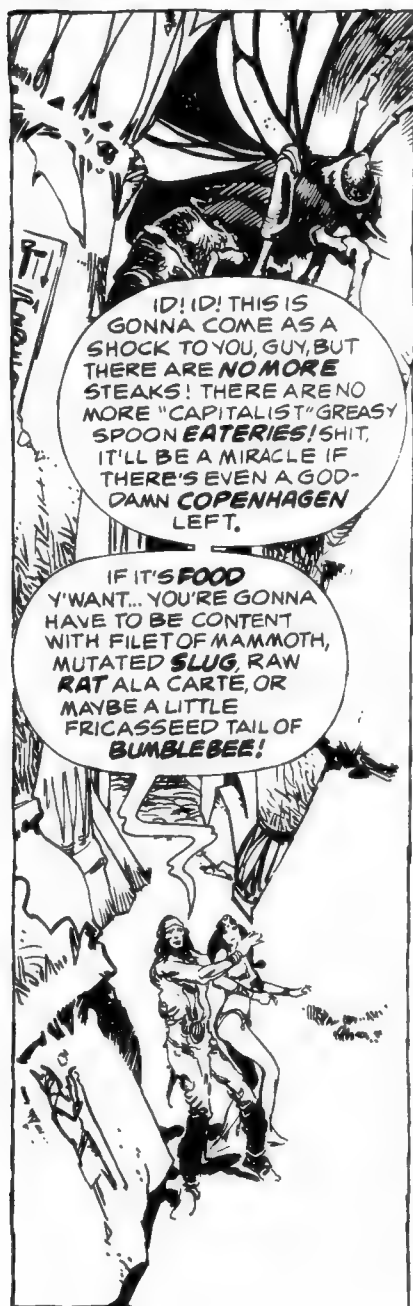


WHAT
MATTER? AM
SOMETHING
WRONG?

WRONG? SHIT, NO, IDI.
WHAT COULD BE WRONG? THE
WORLD'S A SMOLDERING BALLOF DOG-
SHIT, WE MAY BE THE LAST TWO HUMANS
LEFT ALIVE... NOT COUNTING THE MILLION
OR SO BURNED UP, BURNED OUT, HALF-
CRAZED SLIME-MUTES... AND WHAT'S
LEFT OF THE EARTH'S CITIES WON'T
BE HABITABLE FOR THE NEXT
THREE HUNDRED
THOUSAND YEARS...!

EVERYTHING'S
HUNKY DORY
WE'LL JUST PULL
OVER AT THE NEXT
GOLDEN ARCHES
AND LOAD UP FOR
OUR TREK TO
THE DANISH
BORDER.

WHAT AM MATTER
FROM YOU? YOU GOT ROCKS
FOR YOU BRAIN? IDI SAY HIM
WANT STEAK, NOT GREASY
SPOON CAPITALIST
DOGMEAT!



ID! ID! THIS IS
GONNA COME AS A
SHOCK TO YOU, GUY, BUT
THERE ARE NO MORE
STEAKS! THERE ARE NO
MORE "CAPITALIST" GREASY
SPOON EATERIES! SHIT,
IT'LL BE A MIRACLE IF
THERE'S EVEN A GOD-
DAMN COPENHAGEN
LEFT.

IF IT'S FOOD
Y'WANT... YOU'RE GONNA
HAVE TO BE CONTENT
WITH FILET OF MAMMOTH,
MUTATED SLUG, RAW
RAT ALA CARTE, OR
MAYBE A LITTLE
FRICASSEED TAIL OF
BUMBLEBEE!



BUT...IF
YOU WANT TO
BEGIN YOUR LONG,
LOVELY JOURNEY
BEFORE YOU IN-
DULGE IN THESE
LUNCHEON
DELIGHTS, FEEL
FREE, M'MAN...!
COPENHAGEN'S
2000 MILES
DUE NORTH!

WITH A
LITTLE LUCK
AND THE SLIME-MUTES
WILLING, YOU SHOULD
BE THERE SOME-
TIME BEFORE
CHRISTMAS...

... 1999!

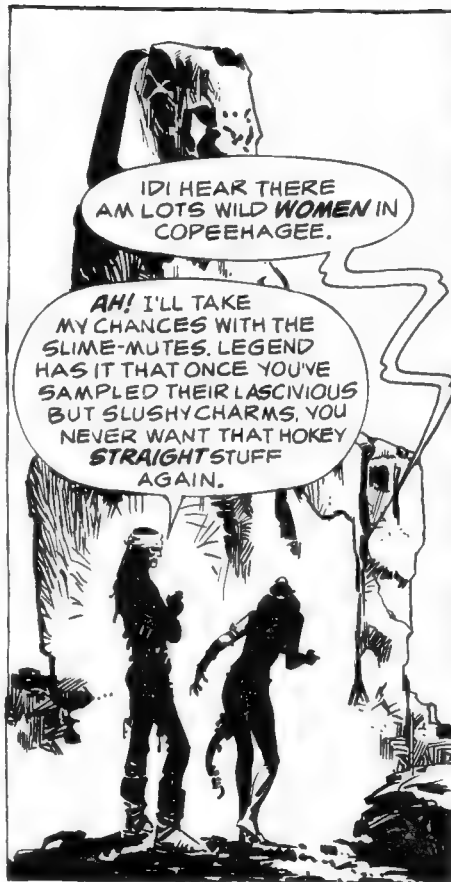
AM
THAT WAY NORTH?

ER...NO, ID
NORTH IS IN BACK OF
YOU.



HMMMM!
MAYBE YOU WANT
TAG ALONG! JUST
IN CASE IDI CONFUSED
BY SIGNS!

NAW... YOU
GOAHEAD. I'VE
BEEN ON THESE
MARATHON HIKES
BEFORE.



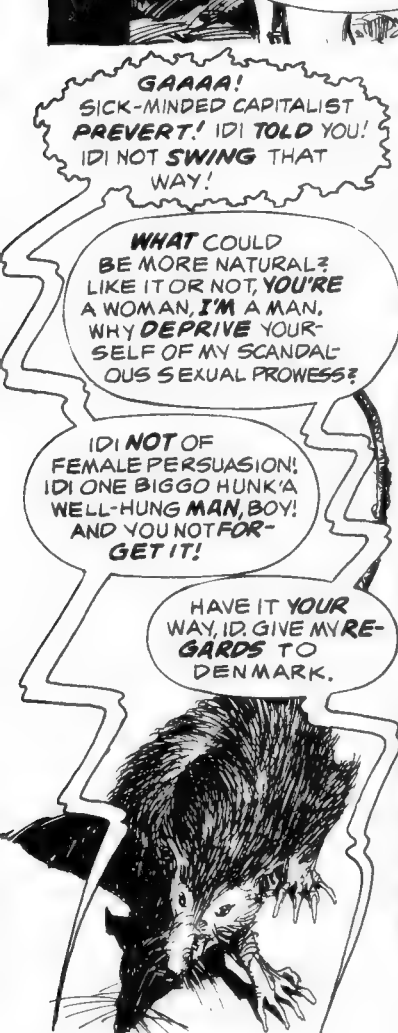
IDI HEAR THERE
AM LOTS WILD WOMEN IN
COPEEHAGEE.

AH! I'LL TAKE
MY CHANCES WITH THE
SLIME-MUTES. LEGEND
HAS IT THAT ONCE YOU'VE
SAMPLED THEIR LASCIVIOUS
BUT SLUSHY CHARMS, YOU
NEVER WANT THAT HOKEY
STRAIGHT STUFF
AGAIN.



YOU BE SORRY! IDI
AM REAL GOOD TIME
GUY! YOU WAIL WITH IDI
IN COPEEHAGEE, BOY!

LISTEN, ID...!
THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING YOU CAN DO TO
PERSUADE ME TO COME
ALONG.



GAAAA!
SICK-MINDED CAPITALIST
PREVERT! IDI TOLD YOU!
IDI NOT SWING THAT
WAY!

WHAT COULD
BE MORE NATURAL?
LIKE IT OR NOT, YOU'RE
A WOMAN, I'M A MAN.
WHY DEPRIVE YOUR-
SELF OF MY SCANDAL-
OUS SEXUAL PROWESS?

IDI NOT OF
FEMALE PERSUASION!
IDI ONE BIGGO HUNK'A
WELL-HUNG MAN, BOY!
AND YOU NOT FOR-
GET IT!

HAVE IT YOUR
WAY, ID. GIVE MY RE-
GARDS TO
DENMARK.



IDI!
LOOK
OUT! IT'S
A GIANT
RAT-
MUTE!

OKAY,
BOY! IDI
AM GOING!
YOU SEE!
IDI AM--!



AND ME WITH
NOTHING BUT THESE
KILLER HANDS TO
DEFEND MY-
SELF! SHEEEEEIT!

SORRY ABOUT
THIS, WILLARD, BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE I'M GONNA
HAVE TO BREAK YOUR
GRACEFUL BUT
HAIRY NECK!



GAD, SHE
WENT DOWN EASY,
REMINDS ME OF THIS
SPREAD-EAGLED
HAIR-PIE I USED
TO BE MARRIED
TO.

YOU'RE GONNA
MAKE ONE HELLUVA
BARBEQUE, BABE.
TOO BAD OL' IDI'S
GONNA MISS
THE FEAST.

SPEAKIN'
OF ID...! WHERE
IS THAT
GUY?

IDI!

IDI...!?



IDI
AM HERE!
IDI AM...ER...
JUST
LOOKING
FOR REALLY
BIG ROCK
TO BASH IN
UGLY RAT-
SLIME'S
FACE!

RIGHT, ID, AND
I WAS JUST PRACTICIN'
THE SHIMMY WITH GENTLE
BEN HERE. LISTEN. Y' THINK
Y' CAN MAKE YOURSELF
USEFUL AND AT LEAST
CLEAN THE BLAMED
THING?

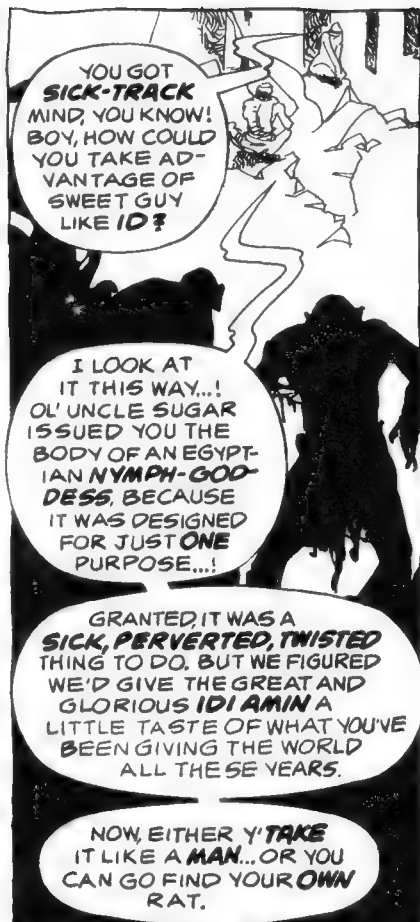
IT NOT FAIR! IT
JUST NOT FAIR!

THOSE ARE MY
TERMS, M'MAN. IT'S
MY RAT, AND IF YOU WANT
ANY, I GET A LITTLE FEELY-
GRAB!

SEEMS LIKE A
FAIR EXCHANGE TO
ME, RATMEAT FOR THE
LIBIDINOUS BODY OF
IDI AMIN.

IDI WOULD LIKE TO!
BUT IDI NOT GOOD AT
DOMESTICS! IDI WATCH
YOU, THOUGH! AND
DONT FORGET, MARINATE
IDI'S SHARE IN CHATEAU
DE ROTHSCHILD
'29!

GIVE
ME
STRENGTH.



YOU GOT
SICK-TRACK
MIND, YOU KNOW!
BOY, HOW COULD
YOU TAKE AD-
VANTAGE OF
SWEET GUY
LIKE ID?

I LOOK AT
IT THIS WAY...!
OL' UNCLE SUGAR
ISSUED YOU THE
BODY OF AN EGYPT-
IAN NYMPH-GOD-
DESS, BECAUSE
IT WAS DESIGNED
FOR JUST ONE
PURPOSE...!

GRANTED, IT WAS A
SICK, PERVERTED, TWISTED
THING TO DO, BUT WE FIGURED
WE'D GIVE THE GREAT AND
GLORIOUS IDI AMIN A
LITTLE TASTE OF WHAT YOU'VE
BEEN GIVING THE WORLD
ALL THESE YEARS.

NOW, EITHER Y' TAKE
IT LIKE A MAN... OR YOU
CAN GO FIND YOUR OWN
RAT.



ER...IDI THINK
HIM NOT WANT
FIND RAT JUST NOW!
SEEMS AWFULLY
CROWDED
WITH HUNTERS!

SLIME-
MUTES!

SHIT.
THERE GOES
THE
EVENING.



EEEEYAAAAH!
FOOD! IS HUMAN
FOOD!

KILL
FOOD!
EAT
FOOD!

SAVE
AHMED NICE
JUICY PIECE
OF GIRL
MEAT!

WITH **GORGEOUS**
BODY LIKE THIS, ALL
YOU THINK IS **FOOD?**

YOU **SICKO**,
BOY! **MORE SICKO**
THAN **IDI'S** PERVERT
MEATDOG FRIEND!

ALL **HIM** WANT
DO IS EAT, TOO! BUT
HIM HAVE **DIFFERENT**
DISH IN MIND!

BUT YOU NOT
GET **IDI**, BOY! **UH UH!**
IDI AM SMART! **IDI AM**
SLY! **IDI AM TRICKY** AND
ONE **SLIPPERY MOTHER!**



BOY! IDI AM
SWIFT LIKE CHEETA!
IDI AM **FLEET** LIKE
WIND! **NOBODY** CATCH
FAST IDI, BOY! HIM
HAVE CORDYNATION OF
GREAT **BULL APE**!



**KREEGAH
BUNDOLO!**

IDI AM NATURAL
ATHLETE, BOY! AM WHAT
COME OF EATING **BREAKFAST**
FOR **CHAMPIONS**!

OOOOHPH!

HAI HA!
LOOK LIKE IDI
TRIP OVER **BIG**
TOE AGAIN!

HEY!
WHAT AM THIS
PLACE?

LOOK LIKE OLD TIMEY
SMUGGLER CAVE! IDI KNOW ALL
ABOUT **SMUGGLER CAVE**! THAT HOW
HIM GOT BE **TOPKICK** OF ALL **AFRICA**
... AND **UGANDA** IN
PARTICULAR!

IT LOOK LIKE
PRETTY GOOD **HIDEY**
PLACE. MAYBE IDI **STAY**
HERE UNTIL IT TIME
TO GO FOR **SEXY**
CHANGE!



HMMMM!
THAT **REMINID**!!
HOW IDI GET TO
COPEEHAGEE
WITHOUT PREVERT
MEATDOG
SPY?

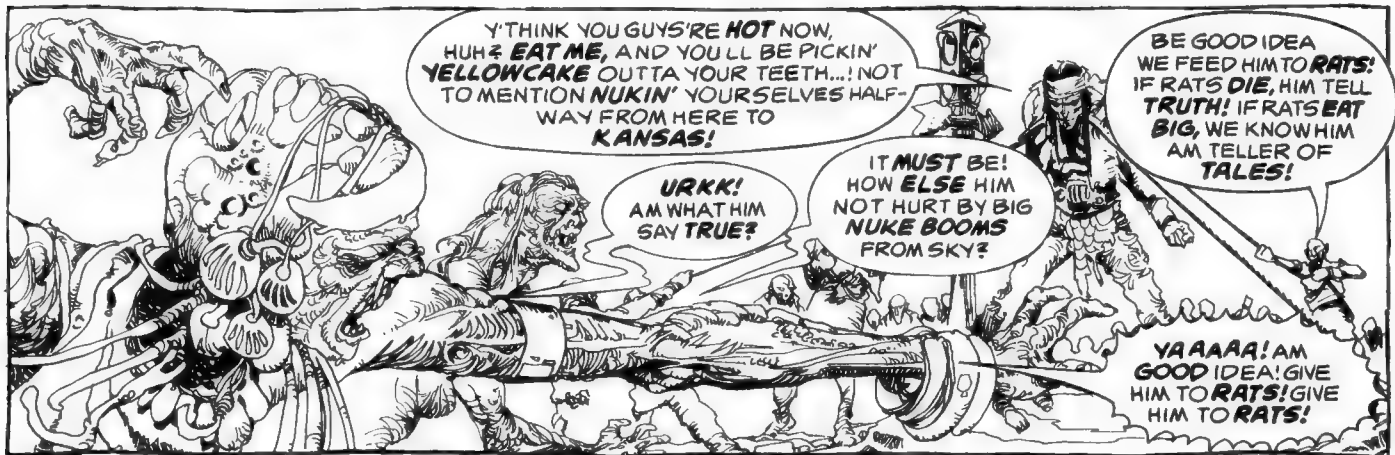
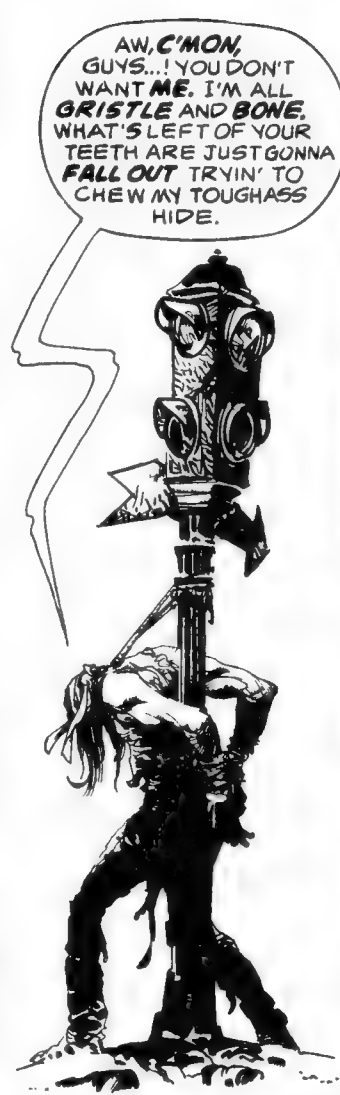
NOW THAT HIM IN
STEWPOTS OF MUTE-SLIMES
... HIM HAVE **HARD TIME** SHOW-
ING IDI WAY TO **SEXY-CHANGE**
CLINICS!

OH! SOB!!
WHY IDI NOT THINK
OF THAT
BEFORE?

OH, ID...FOR
SMART GUY, YOU
ONE **DUMBO**
FELLA...!

NOW YOU **NEVER**
GET BACK **SUPER-SIZED**
WURLITZER ORGAN! YOU
AM STUCK IN THIS
TERRIBLE BODY
FOREVER...!







HMMMMM!
MAYBE IT NOT TOO
LATE **SAVE** MEAT-
DOG SPY! IDI COULD
FIND BIG STICK AND
BEAT POO-POO
OUT OF MUTE-
SLIMES!

THEN MEATDOG
SPY BE ETERNALAST-
INGLY **GRATEFUL**...! MAY-
BE EVEN PICK UP **TAB**
FOR IDI'S SEXY CHANGE!

WHAT YOU THINK,
IDI... WE OUGHT GO **SAVE**
MEATDOG FROM MUTE-
SLIMES?

I DON'T **KNOW**,
MY SMART FRIEND! IT
AM **POSSIBLE** WE COULD
END UP IN STEWPOT,
TOO!



IN THAT CASE,
MAYBE WOULD BE
GOOD IDEA WE STAYED
HERE!

WE **COULD** SING
SONGS! **THAT** ALWAYS
NICE SAFE
ENDEAVOR!

THAT
SOUND LIKE
FUN! WHAT YOU
THINK WE SING **FIRST**,
KIDDO?

COULD SING
DITTY **MAMA** USED
TO WARBLE WHEN IDI
BABY!

NEVER **SPIT**
WHEN YOU'RE
COMIN' TO A
CORNER...! **NEVER**
SPIT...!



NO!
IDI NOT **LIKE**
THAT SONG! IDI REMEMBERS
OLD-TIMEY **FAVORITE**...!

THE WORMS CRAWL IN...
THE WORMS CRAWL OUT...
THE WORMS PLAY **PINOCHLE**
ON YOUR **SNOUT**...!

HMMMMM!
THIS NOT MUCH
FUN AT ALL! IDI
WISHES HIM HAVE
NICE SLICKY
GIRLIE MAGAZINE,
THEN IDI COULD
PLAY WITH HIM
BIG--!

HABA! THAT
AM **FUNNY**! FOR MINUTE
IDI **FORGET**...! HIM NOT
HAVE BIGGO FOOT-LONG
WING-WANG NO MORE!



IT AM HARD TO
AMUSE IDI SELF WITH-
OUT BIG MONSTER
TROUSER SNAKE!

MAYBE IDI
PLAY **HIDE AND SEEK**
GAME NEXT...!

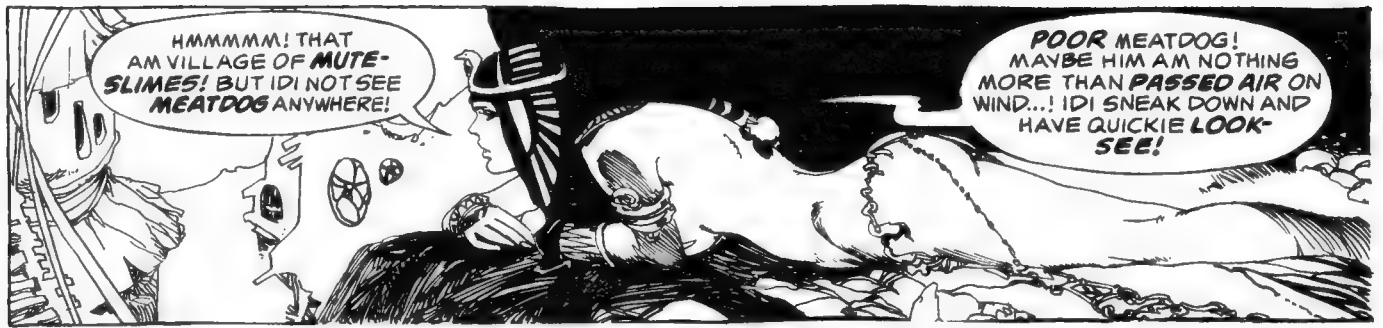
PEEK BOO!
I SEE YOU! **HA! HA!**
THAT AM **GOOD** GAME!
BUT IDI JUST NOT IN
MOOD!

BESIDES...!
IT **DARK** IN HERE!
AND IDI JUST REMEMBER
...HIM AM **'FRAID** OF
DARK!



IDI
AND **DARK**
THINGS
NEVER GET
ALONG
MUCH
GOOD!

MAYBE
WOULD BE **GOOD**
IDEA IDI **SAVE**
MEATDOG
AFTER ALL! HIM
AM **ONLY** HOPE
OF IDI EVER
GETTING KICK
OF GIRLIE
BOOKS
AGAIN!



HHMMMM! THAT AM VILLAGE OF **MUTE-SLIMES!** BUT IDI NOT SEE **MEATDOG** ANYWHERE!

POOR MEATDOG! MAYBE HIM AM NOTHING MORE THAN **PASSED AIR** ON WIND...! IDI SNEAK DOWN AND HAVE QUICKIE **LOOK-SEE!**



IDI NOT SEE MANY **MUTE-SLIMES!** MAYBE THEM FEEL **SICKIE** FROM EATING TOO MUCH OF **MEAT-DOG!**

YOU!!

COULD BE THEY **COOK** HIM TOO LONG! OR ADD TOO MUCH **YUCHIE SPICES!** IDI COULD HAVE TELL THEM, **RAW MEAT** AM **BEST!**

MMMMM-MMMMM! THAT **REMIND** IDI! HIM AM STILL **HUNGRY!** WOULD BE NICE IF ID FIND LEFT-OVER **FOOT...** OR JUICY **GIZZARD MEAT...** EVEN ITTY **FINGER** TASTE **YUMMY!**

IDI HOPE **MUTE-SLIMES** NOT FIND IDI, THOUGH! IDI NOT MUCH FEEL LIKE BEING **DESERT** TONIGHT.



OH, NO! IDI AM **COOKED** NOW!

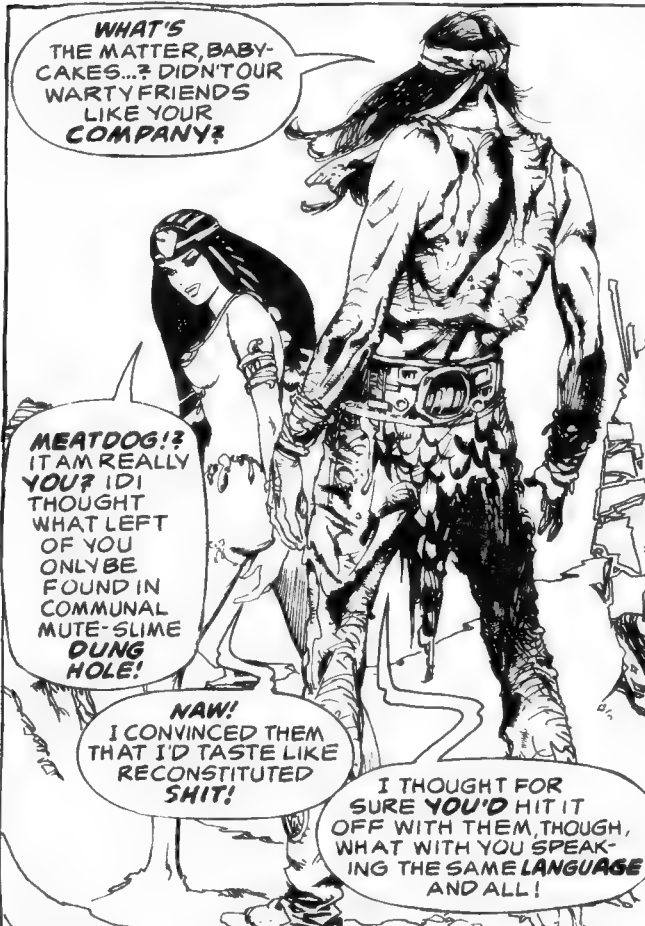
LOOK! SHE **PRETTY!** MUST HAVE **NUKE MOLD** ON **BRAIN,** TOO!

YOU AM FRIEND GIRL OF **CRAZY FELLA!**

TELL HER WE NO WANT **HER KIND!**

YOU COME **FIND HIM!?**

GET HER **OUT** OF **HAPPY, DECENT** **MUTE-SLIME VILLAGE** BEFORE HER GIVE US **DISEASE!**



WHAT'S THE MATTER, **BABY-CAKES...**? DIDN'T OUR **WARTY FRIENDS** LIKE YOUR **COMPANY?**

MEATDOG!? IT AM **REALLY** YOU? IDI THOUGHT WHAT LEFT OF YOU ONLY BE FOUND IN **COMMUNAL MUTE-SLIME DUNG HOLE!**

NAW! I CONVINCED THEM THAT I'D TASTE LIKE **RECONSTITUTED SHIT!**

I THOUGHT FOR SURE **YOU'D** HIT IT OFF WITH THEM, THOUGH, WHAT WITH YOU **SPEAKING** THE SAME **LANGUAGE** AND ALL!



BUT I GUESS NO MATTER **WHAT FORM** YOU'RE IN...

... THE WORLD JUST ISN'T **READY** FOR **IDI AMIN!**

MONDO MEGILLAH

SO HOW BAD WAS IT?

WELL, AS BAD AS IT GETS. THE EAST/WESTALTERNATION CALLED THE BIG SEND-OFF, HAD TURNED THE HOME OF THE BRAVE INTO 48,000 CONTINUOUS IMPACT CRATERS.



LET'S GO, LUCIUS! IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO GET TO THE SHUTTLE EARLY!

I'M COMING. BUT TAKE IT EASY WILL YA? MY EYES ARE BURNING AND I GOT THIS TERRIBLE HEAD COLD. I'M NOT A WELL MAN, KITTEN!

SURVIVORS? YOU TELL ME. THE EQUIVARIANT OF 2000 HIROSHIMA-SIZE BOMBS WAS DROPPED ON EVERY WORLD CENTER OF ANY SIZE... SOMETHING LIKE FOUR **TONS** OF **TNT** FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD ON EARTH. AND WHAT TINY POPULATION MIGHT HAVE EXISTED FOR A SHORT TIME AFTER THE BOMBS FELL, DIED FROM THE **FALL OUT**. IN MORE AGONY THAN I CARE TO THINK OF.

REMARKABLY, SOME OF US **DID** ESCAPE BRANIFF STILL HAD SOME SHUTTLES GOING TO THE MOON. EVEN ON **DOOMSDAY**, AND THOSE OF US WHO WERE SHARP ENOUGH TO CHECK OUR BAGGAGE EARLY GOT OUT JUST AHEAD OF THE MISSILES.

THE ESCAPE SHUTTLES DESCENDED ON THE MOON LIKE CONFUSED CONFEETTI, CRACKING INTO MOUNTAINS, COLLIDING WITH EACH OTHER; PERHAPS TWELVE PERCENT OF THE SHUTTLES GOT INSIDE THE LUNAR **BIO-SPHERE** AND TO FINAL SAFETY. WELL, NOT QUITE TO FINAL SAFETY.

I DON'T GIVE A RAT'S ASS ABOUT YOUR HEAD COLD! YOU'RE ALWAYS SUFFERING FROM **SOMETHING**. WHAT I **OUGHTA** DO IS KICK YOUR BUTT AND REALLY GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO WHINE ABOUT!



OH, JESUS. HERE WE GO AGAIN.

THERE WAS AN ESPECIALLY BIZARRE JOKER IN THE CARDS THAT CAUGHT EVERYBODY BY SURPRISE. PARTICULARLY THE **MALES**.

AN ORBITING LUNAR **BIO-CHEM LAB**... COUNTRY OF ORIGIN FORGOTTEN... **ABAN!** THOUGHT TO BE COMPLETELY INNOCUOUS, WAS WHACKED OUT OF MOON ORBIT BY ONE OF THE ESCAPE SHUTTLES, SENDING IT **CRASHING** THROUGH THE **BIO-SPHERE**.

WE REALIZED QUICKLY THERE WERE PRODUCTS ABOARD THAT UNLEASHED WOULD **INFECT** THE ENTIRE LUNAR COLONY BUT THERE WAS NO PLACE LEFT TO **RUN**. WE COULD ONLY GRIT OUR TEETH AND WAIT TO SEE WHAT FATE HAD NOW DELIVERED OUR WAY. IN A MONTH WE **KNEW**.

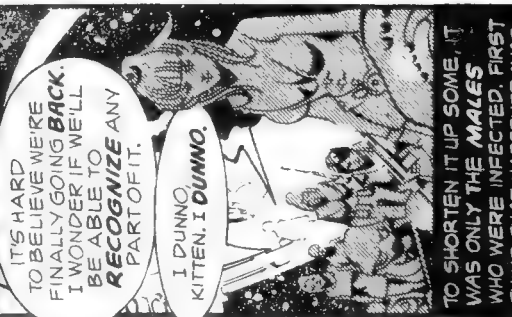


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IT'LL BE **TERRIFIC**, PRINCESS! NOBODY'S BEEN BACK TO EARTH SINCE THE WAR! **IMAGINE** WHAT TREASURES WE CAN **SALVAGE!**

IT WAS A SUB-PRODUCT OF A LARGER BIOLOGICAL ENGINEERING PROJECT CALLED **ANTI-DNA**, THAT GOT US WHAT **ANTI-DNA** DID WAS TO **REARRANGE** QUITE A FEW OF THE DNA COPIES OF HARMFUL BACTERIA, **MUTATING** THEM INTO SOMETHING HOPEFULLY MORE **PRODUCTIVE** AND **BENEFICIAL**.

BUT ALL THIS ACTIVITY HAD BEEN CAREFULLY MONITORED BY COMPUTERS IN THE VACUUM ENVIRONMENT OF SPACE AND **ANTI-DNA** WAS NEVER DESIGNED TO GO FLYING THROUGH A FERTILE OXYGEN ATMOSPHERE FILLED WITH **HUMAN BEINGS**.



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE WE'RE FINALLY GOING **BACK**. I WONDER IF WE'LL BE ABLE TO **RECOGNIZE** ANY PART OF IT.

I DUNNO KITTEN. I **DUNNO**.

TO SHORTEN IT UP SOME, IT WAS ONLY THE **MALES** WHO WERE INFECTED. FIRST THING THAT HAPPENED WAS OUR **SPERM COUNT** DROPPED TO NOTHING THEN OUR **OPPOSABLE THUMBS** DROPPED OFF. THEN, WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. YOU CAN SEE THE RESULTS FOR YOURSELF.

MANY OF US MEN WHO COULD STILL FUNCTION REASONABLY WELL, HOOKED UP WITH THE **WOMEN** WHO WERE COMPLETELY UNAFFECTED BY THE **ANTI-DNA** (THOUGH I **STILL** PROBBLY MADE THEM **DUMBER**.) THE WOMEN AFFORDED US **PROTECTION** IN A PRACTICALLY LAWLESS SOCIETY AND WE LENT THEM OUR **BRAINS**.



LADIES AND, WELL, YOU KNOW... THAT IS THE **EARTH** YOU NOW SEE ON THE VIEWSCREEN. SAY HELLO TO IT. WE'LL BE THE FIRST TO ARRIVE THERE IN **FIFTEEN YEARS!**

I LATCHED ONTO **KITTEN**, MY EX-WIFE. I KNEW SHE WOULD BE UNDERSTANDING OF MY PREDICAMENT AND POUR OVER ME WITH **PITY** AND **SYMPATHY**. AS IT HAPPENED, SHE COULD NOT EVEN REMEMBER **WHICH** EX-HUSBAND I WAS UNTIL I MENTIONED THE HONEY-COLORED **JAGUAR TYPE-E** I GAVE HER FOR A WEDDING PRESENT. SHE WAS **MERCENARY** EVEN THEN.

EVERYBODY PLEASE REMAIN SEATED. WE WILL BE LANDING ON EARTH WITHIN THE HOUR!



HOME AGAIN! HOORAY! HOORAY!

THAT'S ZELDA. SHE THINKS HER **FAMILY** WILL BE THERE TO GREET HER.

I THINK WE'RE **ALL** IN FOR SOME MAJOR SURPRISES.

Author: ALABASTER REDZONE/Illustrator: ALEX NINO

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BUT IT WAS NECESSARY THAT KITTEN AND I BE AMONG THE VERY FIRST BACK TO EARTH. WE GOT OUR DOUGH TOGETHER AND MANAGED TO BRIBE THE HEAD OF FLIGHT CONTROL HIMSELF. NOT UNTIL LATER DID WE FIND OUT EVERYBODY ELSE ON THAT FIRST FLIGHT HAD DONE THE SAME THING!

OCTAVIA IS HERE.

WHAT? HOW? THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC FLIGHT!

LOOK FOR YOURSELF.



IT IS OCTAVIA! AND SOME OF HER BULLDOZERS ARE WITH HER: PROBABLY PULLING A SALVAGE OPERATION HERSELF!

WELL, SHE'D BETTER STAY OUT OF MY WAY. I'M LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE TO BUST HER CHOPS SINCE SHE LET HER GIRLS ROUGH YOU UP THAT TIME.



I'M STILL HURTIN' FROM THAT KITTEN.

OH, SHUT UP!

THE SAFEST LEAST RADIO-ACTIVE SPOT WE COULD FIND TO LAND WAS IN AN AREA IN THE PROVINCE OF SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA. GEIGER COUNTERS WERE GIVEN TO THOSE WHO COULD AFFORD THEM. WE HAD NO CASH LEFT, BUT I PROMISED KITTEN MY NOSTRILS WERE PARTICULARLY SENSITIVE TO RADIATION LEVELS AND THAT A GEIGER COUNTER WASN'T NECESSARY.

IT WAS A BIG LIE, OF COURSE. I'D PREVIOUSLY TOLD HER MY NOSE WAS SENSITIVE TO GOLD AND RARE METALS, BUT PUT TO THE TEST I COULDN'T HAVE FOUND HER GOLDEN MOLAR WITH A DENTAL CHART.



HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?

HM? YOU MEAN RADIATION? NO, UH, I DON'T SMELL A THING.

OKAY THEN, GO SIC 'EM. GET THEM JEWELS AND GOLD AND PLATINUM AND SILVER AND EASY-TO-CARRY CHINA SERVICE SETS.

EASY. YOU'RE SLOBBERING ON MY HIND-QUARTERS.



LET'S SEE. FORT KNOX IS IN KENTUCKY, RIGHT? HOW CLOSE IS THAT TO SASKATCHEWAN?

SPITTING DISTANCE. IF YOU ATTACH THE SPIT TO AN ICBM, WE'LL GET IT ALL IN TIME. SWEETCAKES, THE FABULOUS SNOOT IS HOT ON THE ROUTE.

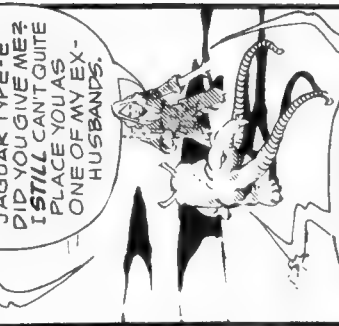


WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BUY WITH YOUR PART OF THE LOOT, LUCIUS?

WELL, AFTER TAXES, I INTEND TO SPEND A PORTION OF IT HIRING A MORE UNDERSTANDING MISTRESS. THE REST WILL BE SPENT ON LAB EQUIPMENT, TO HELP ME FIND AN ANTIDOTE FOR ANTI-DNA.

I AM NOT ALWAYS GONNA LOOK LIKE THIS, YOU KNOW!

THAT REMINDS ME, LUCIUS, WHICH HONEY-COLORED JAGUAR TYPE-E DID YOU GIVE ME? I STILL CAN'T QUITE PLACE YOU AS ONE OF MY EX-HUSBANDS.



THE ONE WITH THE RACCOON-TAIL ON THE ANTENNA! HOW MANY HUSBANDS HAVE YOU HAD?

RACCOON TAIL...? OH, YES! YOU'RE NUMBER 7! WOW! THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN LUCKY.

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER THE BIG SENDOFF, THE EARTH HAD COOLED OFF ENOUGH FOR THE FIRST TENTATIVE SHUTTLES TO RETURN TO IT. I SAY **TENTATIVE**, BECAUSE THESE FIRST SHIPS BACK WERE STRICTLY FOR **SCOUTING** PURPOSES, TO FIND THE BEST AREA SUITABLE FOR **REHABILITATION** BEFORE EVERYBODY ELSE CAME DOWN.

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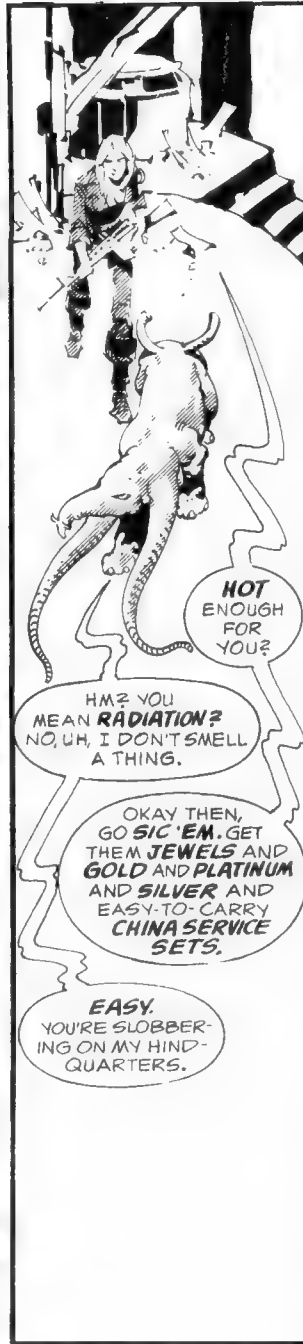
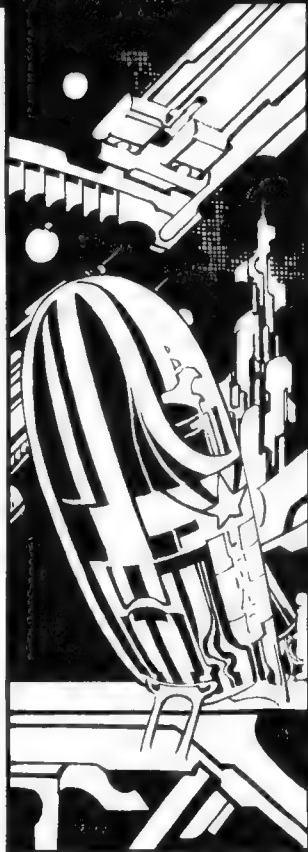


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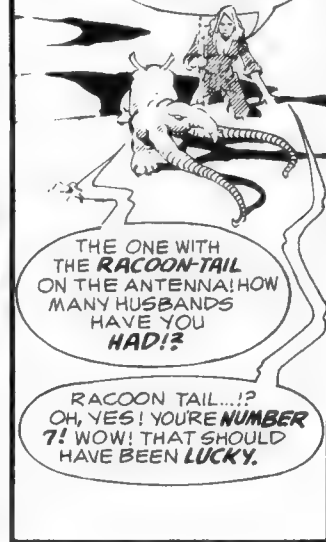
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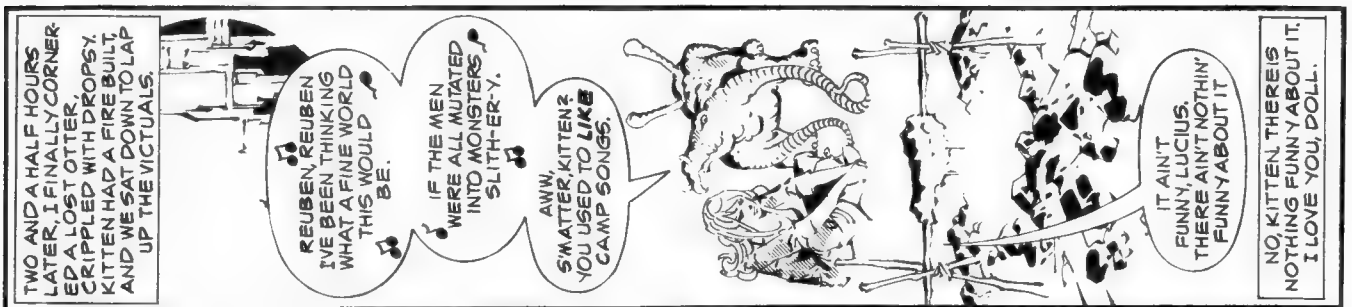
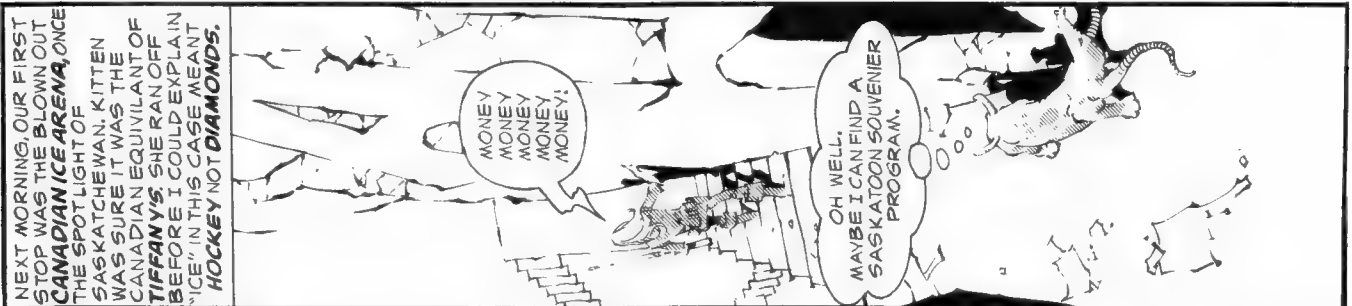
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THE ONE WITH THE **RACCOON-TAIL** ON THE ANTENNA! HOW MANY HUSBANDS HAVE YOU **HAD!**?

RACCOON TAIL...!? OH, YES! YOU'RE **NUMBER 7!** WOW! THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN **LUCKY**.







LUCIUS, I'LL COOK YOUR MISERABLE CARCASS IN **WHALE-SHIT!** WE'VE SPENT THE **WHOLE DAY** LOOKING FOR PRICELESS TREASURES, AND HAVEN'T TURNED UP A SUBWAY TOKEN! IT'S **ALMOST DARK!**

HOW ABOUT THAT? HEY, WHAT SAY WE CAMP HERE TONIGHT AND GET A FRESH START IN THE MORNING. I'LL CATCH US SOME **GAME!**

THINK YOU CAN **MANAGE** IT?

A **PRIZE RETRIEVER** LIKE ME? WATCH ME SMOKE, KIDDO!



TWO AND A HALF HOURS LATER, I FINALLY CORNERED A LOST OTTER, CRIPPLED WITH DROPSY. KITTEN HAD A FIRE BUILT, AND WE SAT DOWN TO LAP UP THE VICTUALS.

REUBEN, REUBEN I'VE BEEN THINKING WHAT A FINE WORLD THIS WOULD BE.

IF THE MEN WERE ALL MUTATED INTO MONSTERS, SLITH-ER-Y.

AWW, S'MATTER, KITTEN? YOU USED TO LIKE CAMP SONGS.

IT AIN'T FUNNY, LUCIUS. THERE AIN'T NOthin' FUNNY ABOUT IT

NO, KITTEN. THERE IS NOTHING FUNNY ABOUT IT. I LOVE YOU, DOLL.



NEXT MORNING, OUR FIRST STOP WAS THE BLOWN OUT **CANADIAN ICE ARENA**, ONCE THE SPOTLIGHT OF SASKATCHEWAN. KITTEN WAS SURE IT WAS THE CANADIAN EQUIVILANT OF **TIFFANY'S**. SHE RAN OFF BEFORE I COULD EXPLAIN "ICE" IN THIS CASE MEANT **HOCKEY NOT DIAMONDS**.

MONEY MONEY MONEY MONEY!

OH WELL. MAYBE I CAN FIND A SASKATOON SOUVENIR PROGRAM.



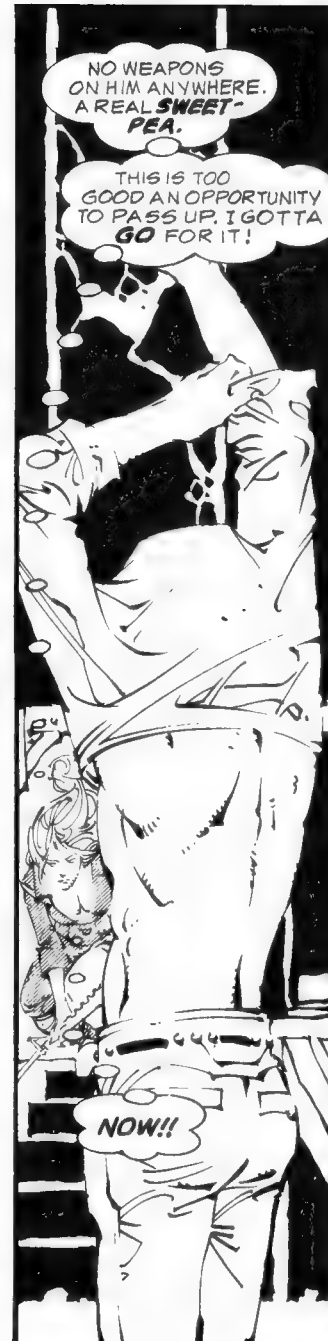
THE BIG VAULTS ARE ALWAYS DOWNSTAIRS! ...EH? **NOISE...** RUSTLING COMING FROM BEHIND THAT DOOR...



BULLDYKES! DAMN THEM! THEY'VE ALREADY **LOCATED** THIS PLACE!

NOT... **BULLDYKES. A MAN!**

BUT HOW IS THAT **POSSIBLE?** ALL THE MEN FROM LUNAR BASE ARE... LIKE **LUCIUS**. UNLESS...



NO WEAPONS ON HIM ANYWHERE. A REAL **SWEET-PEA**.

THIS IS TOO GOOD AN OPPORTUNITY TO PASS UP. I GOTTA **GO** FOR IT!

NOW!!

I CAUGHT A BIG BULLDYKE COMING THROUGH A TRAP- DOOR UNDER THE STAGE, AND **SNAPPED** HER HEAD OFF AS SHE PEEPED UP AN- OTHER ONE WAS BEHIND ME, AND ABOUT TO BRING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON ME, WHEN KITTEN APPEARED FROM NO- WHERE, AND FIRED THREE OFF INTO HER BEFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING.



THE FIRST TWO BULLDYKES EXPLODED INTO THE ARENA, SPINNING, SCANNING THE AUDITORIUM QUICKLY AND PROFESSIONALLY. BY THE TIME THEY SPOTTED KITTEN IN THE RAFTERS, SHE'D AL- READY PUNCHED THEIR TICKETS.



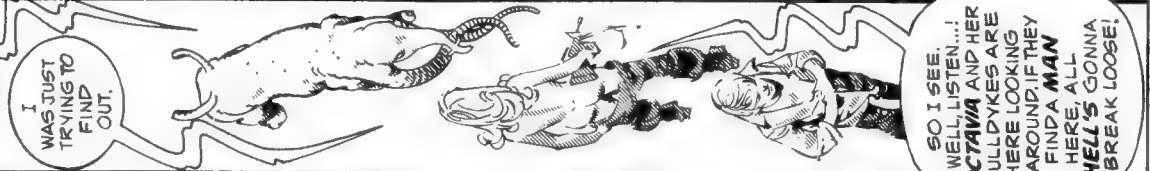
LUCIUS, WE CAN LET THEM HAVE HIM! THEY'LL EAT THE POOR SHMO **ALIVE!**



AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON...! **ALARM! ALARM!**



JESUS! A MAN! AND WITH **OPPOSABLE THUMBS!** WHERE'D HE **COME FROM?**



IF THAT'S SOME **RELIGIOUS MUMBO JUMBO** YOU HOPE WILL PROTECT YOU, FORGET IT, YOU'RE GETTIN' THE FULL **TREATMENT!**



HIT THE FLOOR, SWEET- PEA! DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO USE ROUGH- STUFF!



SO I SEE. WELL, LISTEN...! **OCTAVIA** AND HER BULLDYKES ARE HERE LOOKING AROUND IF THEY FIND A **MAN** HERE, ALL **HELL'S** GONNA **BREAK LOOSE!**

GET WITH THE PROGRAM, WIMPY. WE GOTTA BE DONE BEFORE MY FRIEND GETS BACK.

YOU WANT ME TO **SHED MY GARNMENTS,** IS THAT IT?

STRIP ASSHOLE!



HIT THE FLOOR, SWEET-PEA! DON'T MAKE ME HAVE TO USE ROUGH-STUFF!

MEGILLAH, MAINTAIN ME! I HAVE FOUND A SAUCY BITCH FOR YOU!



IF THAT'S SOME RELIGIOUS MUMBO JUMBO YOU HOPE WILL PROTECT YOU, FORGET IT. YOU'RE GETTIN' THE FULL TREATMENT!

YES, YOUR VIBES ARE SUFFICIENTLY OFFENSIVE. MEGILLAH WILL DIG YOU THE MOST.

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I WAS JUST TRYING TO FIND OUT.

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AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON....!

ALARM! ALARM!

SHIT! I MIGHT'VE GUESSED



LUCIUS, WE CAN'T LET THEM HAVE HIM! THEY'LL EAT THE POOR SHMO ALIVE!

SOUNDS ALMOST MERCIFUL.



THE FIRST TWO BULLDYKES EXPLODED INTO THE ARENA, SPINNING, SCANNING THE AUDITORIUM QUICKLY AND PROFESSIONALLY. BY THE TIME THEY SPOTTED KITTEN IN THE RAFTERS, SHE'D ALREADY PUNCHED THEIR TICKETS.

BODABODA BODA!

HE'S MINE, BROWNHOLES!



I CAUGHT A BIG BULLDYKE COMING THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR UNDER THE STAGE, AND SNAPPED HER HEAD OFF AS SHE PEEPED UP. ANOTHER ONE WAS BEHIND ME, AND ABOUT TO BRING DOWN THE CURTAIN ON ME, WHEN KITTEN APPEARED FROM NOWHERE, AND FIRED THREE OFF INTO HER BEFORE I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING.

DOW BDOOW DOW!



WELL, WHAT CAN I SAY? IT WAS ALL OVER FOR KITTEN THEN. THE CARESS OF A MAN'S ARMS AGAIN, THE PRESSING OF HIS BODY AFTER TEN YEARS, AND KITTEN WAS BLINDLY, HOPELESSLY IN LOVE.

I LOVE YOU SO KITTEN. I WANT YOU TO COME TO CAVERN CITY WITH ME, AND DEVOTE YOURSELF TO MEGILLAH, TO BASK FOR ETERNITY IN HIS LUMINESCENT HEAVINESS.

M M M M M!



BUT KITTEN WAS SOME-PLACE ELSE... OUT OF PLACE, OUT OF TIME. I SAW THE WAY SHE WAS LOOKING AT HIM, AND I GOT A CHOKING SOMEWHERE IN THIS BRUTISH NECK OF MINE. IT WAS THE SAME WAY SHE LOOKED AT ME, SO LONG AGO.

WHO ARE YOU, STRANGER? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

MY NAME IS TERRY. I COME FROM THE CAVERN CITY...! A SECRET UNDERGROUND REFUGE WHICH GREAT MEGILLAH COMMANDED THOSE WHO WERE LOYAL TO CONSTRUCT BEFORE THE BIG SENDOFF, TO ESCAPE THE RAIN OF DEATH HE FORETOLD WOULD COME.

MEGILLAH IS SUCH A GAS. HE KNOWS SIMPLY EVERYTHING!

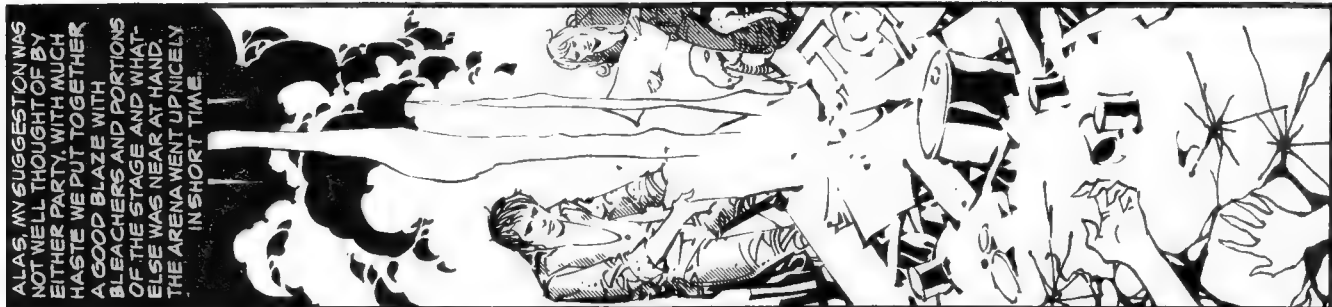


WHEN WE WERE SURE THE PLACE WOULD GO UP WE TOOK OFF AS FAST AND AS FAR AS WE COULD. WE WERE MAKING GOOD TIME UNTIL MELVIN MILQUETOAST TWISTED HIS ANKLE AND WE HAD TO LAY UP FOR THE NIGHT. WE ALL CRAWLED IN TO AN INDUSTRIAL SEWAGE TUNNEL, AND AS IF THE AIR WASN'T ALREADY THICK ENOUGH, OPPOSABLE THUMBS HAD TO SPREAD HIS LIPS A S WELL.

WHY MUST THIS DISEASED ANIMAL BE WITH US? IT IS HARD FOR ME TO BREATHE!

SAY, BUB, IT'S A CONDITION, NOT A DISEASE! YOU'VE EVER HAVE ACNE? WELL, IT'S BASICALLY THE SAME THING.

HEY, KITTEN. TELL THIS BIRD OFF, WILL YA?



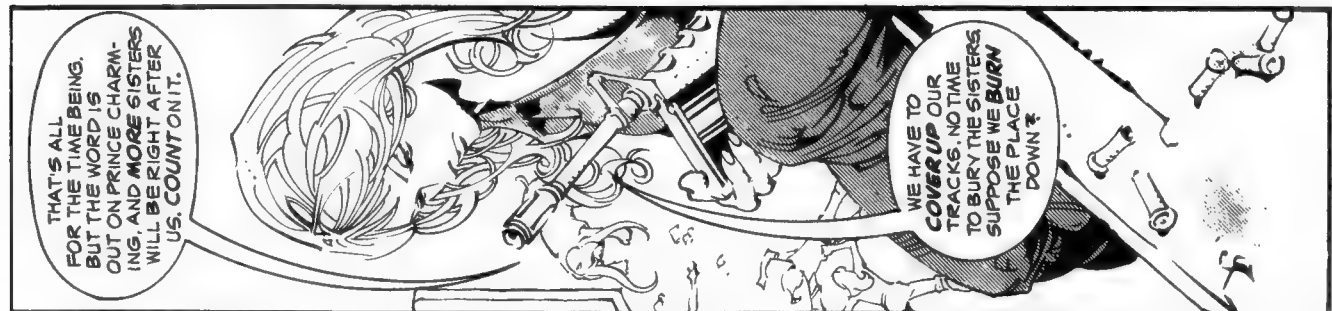
ALAS, MY SUGGESTION WAS NOT WELL THOUGHT OF BY EITHER PARTY. WITH MUCH HASTE WE PUT TOGETHER A GOOD BLAZE WITH BLEACHERS AND PORTIONS OF THE STAGE AND WHAT-ELSE WAS NEAR AT HAND. THE ARENA WENT UP NICELY IN SHORT TIME.



YEAH, THAT'S OKAY, IT'LL KEEP THEM DIGGING THROUGH THE RUINS WHILE WE PUT SOME MILEAGE ON.

THE IDEAL THING WOULD BE IF THEY FOUND ONE OF US IN THE ASHES THAT WOULD STOP THEIR SEARCH RIGHT HERE.

IF YOU'LL TAKE MY SUGGESTION YOU'LL STICK A MATCH TO OPPOSABLE THUMBS THERE.



THAT'S ALL FOR THE TIME BEING. BUT THE WORD IS OUT ON PRINCE CHARMING, AND MORE SISTERS WILL BE RIGHT AFTER US. COUNT ON IT.

WE HAVE TO COVER UP OUR TRACKS. NO TIME TO BURY THE SISTERS SUPPOSE WE BURN THE PLACE DOWN?

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WHO ARE YOU, STRANGER? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

MY NAME IS TERRY. I COME FROM THE **CAVERN CITY...**! A SECRET UNDERGROUND REFUGE, WHICH GREAT **MEGILLAH** COMMAND-ED THOSE WHO WERE LOYAL TO CONSTRUCT BEFORE THE BIG SEND OFF, TO ESCAPE THE RAIN OF DEATH HE FORE TOLD WOULD COME.

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MMMMMM!

THE NIGHT AIR WAS PLEASANT AND COOL AND THERE WAS A LIGHT BREEZE. THE MOON WAS FULL, AND THOUGH IT NEVER ALL CLICKED TOGETHER, IT WAS AN ESPECIALLY BEAUTIFUL NIGHT. I NEVER NOTICED IT. FOR ME, IT WAS THE **DARKEST NIGHT SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME**. FOR THAT NIGHT I KNEW I HAD LOST KITTEN FOR GOOD.



BE CERTAIN TO STAY OUT OF THE MOONLIGHT, AND IF YOU SEE ANYBODY COMING STAY DOWNWIND OF THEM.

SHIT! I NEED SOME WATER HEAD TO TELL ME THAT.

TERRY IS JUST TRYING TO BE HELPFUL, LUCIUS. WHY ARE YOU FLYING OFF THE HANDLE?



BLAGGH! IF YOU TWO INSIST ON BRINGING UP THE HUMIDITY IN HERE WITH ALL YOUR PATTY-FINGERS AND KISSY-FACE, I'M GOING OUTSIDE! I'D RATHER FACE A THOUSAND BULL-DYKES THAN WATCH YOU SWEAT ON EACH OTHER.

TERRY WILL OPEN THE OUTSIDE LOOK FOR YOU.



BACK AT THE ARENA, MORE BULLDYKES AND FRIENDS OF BULLDYKES SIFT THROUGH ITS SMOLDERING RUINS. THEY DECIDE THE MALE THEY WANT IS **MISSING**, ESCAPED WITH TWO OTHERS, BUT THE RETRIEVERS ARE UNABLE TO DETERMINE IN WHICH DIRECTION THEY WENT. THE SMOKE AND THE ASH HAVE **CONFUSED** THEM, AND AS THEY ONLY COME UP WITH **SMOUFFULLS OF CINDERS**.

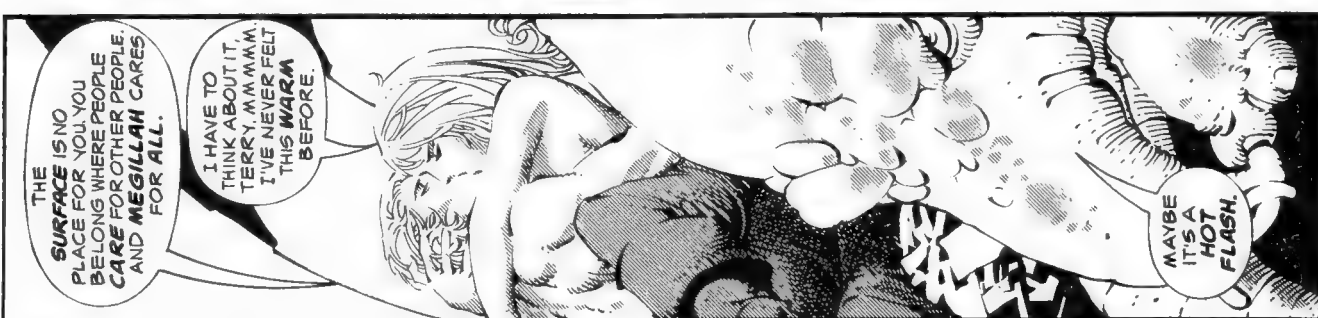


I LOVE YOU, KITTEN. I LOVED YOU FROM THE FIRST MOMENT I LAID EYES ON YOU BACK AT THE ARENA. YOU MUST RETURN WITH ME TO THE CAVERN CITY.

I LOVE YOU TOO, TERRY. I LOVE EVERY GLORIOUS, WONDERFUL PART OF YOU.

YOUR EYES ARE LIKE **LIMPID POOLS**. YOUR BREASTS ARE LIKE TWO RIPE CASABA MELONS.

SHIT! GET SERIOUS WILLYA?



THE **SURFACE** IS NO PLACE FOR YOU. YOU BELONG WHERE PEOPLE CARE FOR OTHER PEOPLE. AND **MEGILLAH** CARES FOR ALL.

I HAVE TO THINK ABOUT IT, TERRY. M.M.M.M. I'VE NEVER FELT THIS **WARM** BEFORE.

MAYBE IT'S A **HOT FLASH**.

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MOST OF THE NEXT MORNING WAS SPENT PADDING ABOUT THE AREA, LOOKING UNDER ROCKS AND IN GARBAGE CANS, ANYPLACE WHERE KITTENS' LOVER BOY MIGHT HAVE SKITTERED TO, SEEMS HE VANISHED DURING THE NIGHT POOR THING.

IT'S NO USE, KITTEN. ROMEO HAS SPLIT.



MAYBE HE WAS **KIDNAPPED!** WHISKED AWAY BY GNOMEs TO WORK FOREVER IN THE FAIRY MINES. A TOO GRACIOUS END TO A **DANGER-ous** CORNBALL.

LUCIUS, IF YOU'VE **HARNED** THAT POOR KID --!

OH, RIGHT! NOW HE'S A KID. LAST NIGHT HE WAS YOUR **EVERY-THING**, THE MAN OF YOUR DREAMS!

IF YOU'D BEEN AS CONCERNED ABOUT OUR **PREDICAMENT** AS YOU WERE ABOUT REACHING AN **ORGASM** EVERY THREE MINUTES, YOU'D HAVE REALIZED THE SORT OF FRIVOLOUS RISKS YOU WERE TAKING WITH OUR LIVES... MY LIFE!

I'VE GOT TO **FIND** HIM, LUCIUS. I CAN'T LET IT END THIS WAY. PLEASE HELP.

LOOK. I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING I FOUND, MAYBE... MAYBE IT'S WHAT YOU'RE **LOOKING** FOR.

YOU KNOW WE COULD STILL HAVE A SENSATIONAL OPERATION GOING. AND THIS MORNING WHEN I WOKE UP, GUESS WHAT?

MY **HEAD COLD** WAS GONE!

HOLD IT THERE OR YOU'RE GOING TO WALK RIGHT OVER IT. **DODOS.**

DAMN YOU, KITTEN. YOU'RE SO **FUCKING PROMISCUOUS!** ANYTHING WITH TWO LEGS CAN GET YOU TO LUBRICATE!

AND WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH THAT? IT'S NOT TOO OFTEN I COME **ACROSS** ANYTHING WITH TWO LEGS!

NOW **STAY PUT**, AND WAIT FOR ME TO COME BACK!

AND I AIN'T NO **GODDAMN DOMESTIC** YOU CAN ORDER AROUND! AND IF YOU WANNA CALL WERE **PARTNERS**, MISSY-- THAT OFF, THAT'S **FINE**, THAT'S **OKAY**... BUT DON'T YOU **DARE** TALK DOWN TO ME LIKE THAT!

LUCIUS, I'M SORRY. YOU KNOW I DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY.

WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH ME?



MOST OF THE NEXT MORNING WAS SPENT PADDING ABOUT THE AREA, LOOKING UNDER ROCKS AND IN GARBAGE CANS. ANYPLACE WHERE KITTEN'S LOVER BOY MIGHT HAVE SKITTERED TO. SEEMS HE VANISHED DURING THE NIGHT POOR THING.

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HOLD IT THERE OR YOU'RE GOING TO WALK RIGHT OVER IT. WOMEN ARE SUCH **DODOS**.

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WHY DON'T YOU COME **WITH** ME?

UH, NO, I DON'T THINK SO. MY SINUSES ACT UP A STORM BELOW SEA LEVEL.

BESIDES I GOT TOO MUCH TO DO UP HERE I GOTTA KEEP WORKING ON THAT ANNOTATE, AND I HAVEN'T EVEN CHECKED MY SCHEDULE FOR THIS AFTERNOON.

MAYBE I'LL JUST GO BACK TO THE SPACESHIP.

LUCIUS, THIS AIN'T GOODBYE. I'M COMING BACK FOR YOU. I MEAN THAT.

YEAH, THAT'D BE OKAY, TOO. AND IF YOU DON'T, WELL, WE'LL STILL BE PALS! NOTHING WILL CHANGE THAT!

S'LONG, KITTEN. CHOKER! IT'S BEEN A LOT OF LAUGHS.

DOWN SHE WENT THEN, DOWN A BLACK STONE STAIRCASE TOWARD AN UNFATHOMABLE DESTINATION IN SEARCH OF HER CREAMPUFF. I DIDN'T WATCH HER LONG AND SHE NEVER LOOKED BACK.

SHE FOLLOWED THE DE-SCENT SHAFT FOR AS LONG AS IT WENT. AT THE END WAS A LARGE METAL DOOR, WHICH KITTEN OPENED, AND SUDDENLY THE CAVERN CITY SPANG FULL BLOOM BEFORE HER.

BUILDINGS LIKE CHROMIUM STALAGMITES SHOT UP TOWARD A BRILLIANT LUMINOUS CEILING. APPROXIMATING SUNLIGHT, COMPLEX SYSTEMS OF SKYWAYS CONNECTED THE SPIRES AND ALL OVER WAS THE LOW WHIR OF ELECTRICITY PROPELLING THE MONORAILS, CHARGING THE MACHINES, RUNNING EVERY PART OF THE SELF-CONTAINED STAINLESS STEEL MEGAPOLIS.

THIS IS IT! THE CAVERN CITY! I HAD NO IDEA IT WOULD BE SO AWESOME!

IT'S SO ALIEN I MUST BE ON MY GUARD.

HELLO! WELCOME! HOW DO YOU DO? MAY I INTRODUCE MYSELF? I AM YOUR ASSIGNED ESCORT! LET US GO TO THE HOUSE OF MEGILLAH, WHERE IT'S HIP! IT'S FAB! ITS GEAR!

HOLY JUMPIN' JALLANUS!

LOOK! IT IS THE SAUCY BITCH MEGILLAH HAS REQUESTED!

LET US HOPE THIS ONE WILL GET HIS HOLY ROCKS OFF!

DIG IT!

AND AT THE HIP FAB AND GEAR HOUSE OF MEGILLAH.

BLONDE TEASE! MEGILLAH HAS CHOSEN YOU!

DIG IT!

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DIG IT!

WHAT KINDA KOOKIE PARADE IS THIS?

DISARM HER! BUT BE GENTLE! MEGILLAH WILL NOT WANT HER BLEMISHED!

BROTHER TERENCE HAS DONE WELL. THIS CHICK HE'S LURED IS REAL GONE!

HOT STUFF!

YOU CRAZY MOTHER-FUCKERS BETTER KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!

WHAT A DELICIOUSLY FOUL MOUTH SHE HAS TOO! MEGILLAH WILL SMILE ON US ALL TODAY!

GET DOWN WITH MEGILLAH!

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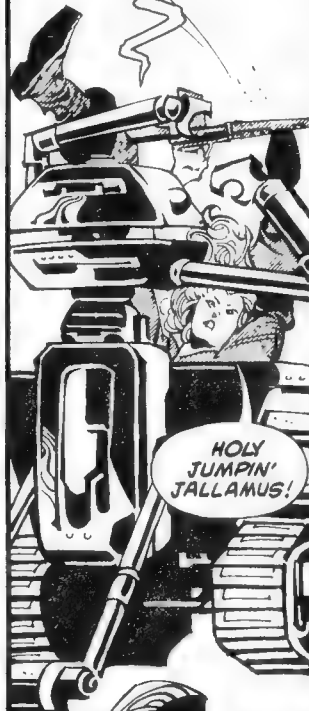
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GET DOWN WITH MEGILLAH!



AT LAST SHE COMES UPON A LIGHTING UTILITY ROOM. HEAVY CABLES, LIGHT BULBS, NO THING SHE CAN CONCEAL. SHE FINDS A SCREWDRIIVER JUST AS THE TOWN COUNCIL FINDS HER.

THIS WILL HAVE TO DO.

ULP! I'VE BEEN FOUND BY THE TOWN FATHERS AND MOTHERS!

KITTEN! A FRIEND OF YOURS HAS BEEN ASKING FOR YOU! BROTHER TERENCE!

YOU REMEMBER TERRY, DON'T YOU? PLEASE COME DOWN!

TERRY! MY GOD I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN!

NEXT INSTANT, KITTEN'S METAL ESCORT TURNS TO FIND HER GONE. SHE RACES THROUGH THE NEAREST BUILDING, LEVEL BY LEVEL, JERKING OPEN EVERY DOOR SHE SEES, BUT SHE FINDS NOTHING SHE CAN USE.

ANOTHER EMPTY ROOM! THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF WEAPON I CAN USE AROUND HERE...! A CLUB, A HAMMER, A HEAVY BOOK!

GOTTA KEEP LOOKING. DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE TIME I HAVE.

OF COURSE, KITTEN HAD NO INTENTION OF BECOMING A SACRIFICE TO ANY BEAT-NIK GOD, BUT SHE GUESSED CORRECTLY... THAT HER BEST CHANCES OF SURVIVAL LAID IN PLAYING IT PASSIVE. AT LEAST THIS WAY SHE WAS FREE TO ROAM ABOUT INSTEAD OF FORMULATING HER ESCAPE FROM A PRISON CELL.

... AND ON MY LEFT YOU SEE OUR WONDERFUL ARTIFICIAL GRAIN FACTORY, WHICH SUPPLIES...

I GOTTA GET AWAY FROM THIS ALL-TERRAIN TOUR GUIDE.

"PATIENCE, LITTLE SISTER. FIRST YOU MUST BE PREPARED FOR YOUR OTHER-WORLD ENCOUNTER WITH THE PROFANE ONE. YOU MUST BE WASHED, CLEANED OF ICE AND DISEASE AND ANY OBJECTIONABLE TATTOOS REMOVED."

BUT DURING THIS SEEING AS HOW CO-OPERATIVE YOU ARE BEING, I SEE NO REASON YOU CANNOT HAVE YOUR FREEDOM HERE. IS THAT AGREEABLE WITH YOU, BROTHERS AND SISTERS?"

"YES, SHE MAY TOUR OUR CITY IF SHE DOES NOT BULLY OUR CITIZENS OR TRY TO ESCAPE."

"WHO, ME? I AM NOT A BULLY!"

EVERY YEAR AS A TOKEN OF OUR DEVOTION, WE SPRING A SURPRISE SACRIFICE FOR HIM, OFFERING OVER A BIG BREASTED TOOTSY FOR HIM TO SQUEEZE.

IS THAT ALL HE WANTS? A FAST PIECE?? HERE! BREASTS! DON'T COME ANY BIGGER THAN THESE!

REMARKABLE! OUR FIRST WILLING CANDIDATE!

DON'T YOU KNOW YOU MUST DIE FIRST BEFORE YOU CAN COUPLE WITH MEGILLAH?

LISTEN, WHEN YOU GET AS LITTLE AS I DO, YOU TAKE IT ANYWAY YOU CAN GET IT!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! ONE OF YOU OLD BAGS RUN CUT FOR MEGILLAH!

YOU ARE CONFUSED, LITTLE SISTER, LET ME HIP YOU.

WE ARE THE DEVOTED OF MEGILLAH, THE GREAT TASTELESS ONE, THE GOD OF CHEAP THRILLS, WHO KNOWS THE UNSPEAKABLE FOUR-LETTER WORD AND WHO PROMISED TO SPEAK IT COME THE ARMAGEDDON.

MEGILLAH GUIDES OUR LIVES, FASHIONS THE FOOD WE GROW, INJECTS THE ELECTRONS THAT RUN OUR MACHINES. NEDIG MEGILLAH, AND OBEY THE COMMANDS OF THE ONE TRUE FART-OUT GOD.

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ANOTHER EMPTY ROOM! THERE MUST BE SOME KIND OF WEAPON I CAN USE AROUND HERE...! A CLUB, A HAMMER, A **HEAVY BOOK!**

GOTTA KEEP LOOKING. DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE TIME I HAVE.

AT LAST SHE COMES UPON A LIGHTING UTILITY ROOM. HEAVY CABLES, LIGHT BULBS, NOTHING SHE CAN CONCEAL. SHE FINDS A SCREWDRIVER JUST AS THE TOWN COUNCIL FINDS HER.

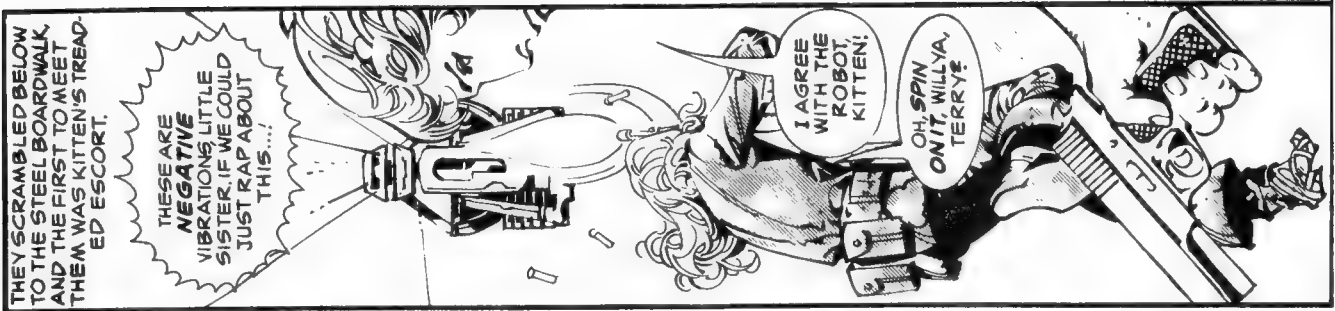
THIS WILL HAVE TO DO.

ULP! I'VE BEEN FOUND BY THE TOWN FATHERS AND MOTHERS!

KITTEN! A FRIEND OF YOURS HAS BEEN ASKING FOR YOU! **BROTHER TERENCE!**

YOU REMEMBER **TERRY**, DON'T YOU? PLEASE COME DOWN!

TERRY! MY GOD I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN!





SEE?
HERE IS BROTHER
TERENCE. WE DID
NOT LIE.

COME,
BROTHERS AND
SISTERS. LET US LEAVE
THESE TWO YOUNG
FRIENDS ALONE. THEY
MUST HAVE MUCH TO
SAY TO EACH
OTHER.

BUT
DON'T BE TOO
LONG, LITTLE
SISTER. THE
SACRIFICIAL
CELEBRATION
GROWS NEAR.

TERRY, THEY SAY
YOU **LURED** ME DOWN
HERE! WHAT DO THEY
MEAN?

THAT WAS MY
MISSION ORIGINALLY,
KITTEN. THE TOWN
FATHERS SENT ME
TO THE SURFACE
SOON AFTER YOU
GIRLS LANDED.

BUT I NEVER
EXPECTED TO LIKE
YOU, LET ALONE FALL
IN LOVE WITH YOU. I
COULDN'T SEE YOU
SACRIFICED SO I
RAN AWAY.

DESPITE WHICH,
YOU STILL FOLLOWED
ME **HERE**.

THAT'S BECAUSE
I DIG YOU THE
MOST, TERRY.

AND I
LOVE YOU,
KITTEN.

SURE
YOU CAN! JUST
FOLLOW MY
LEAD.



I DO NOT WANT
TO DEFY MEGILLAH,
BUT I MUST FIND SOME
WAY TO HELP YOU
ESCAPE.

NEVER MIND.
I'VE ALREADY WORKED
OUT A PLAN... FOR **BOTH**
OF US TO GET OUT OF
THIS MONKEYHOUSE!

YOU
MEAN LEAVE
THE **CAVERN CITY?**
LEAVE MEGILLAH?
N-NO... I CAN'T...



THE OUTSIDE DOORS BURST
APART, AND BEFORE THE
SINGLE GUARD CAN LET
OUT A YELP, KITTEN PUT THE
SCREWDRIVER INTO HIS
SPINE.

BUT,
KITTEN!
VIOLENCE!?!

JUST
GIVE IT A
CHANCE, LOVER.
THAT'S ALL
I ASK!

GAAAA!



MINUTES LATER, KITTEN
AND HER BUTTERBALL
MAKE IT TO THE ARMS
ROOM. HE WHINED AWHILE
ABOUT THE TWO GUARDS
SHE TEMPLE-STOMPED,
BUT SHE WAS TOO BUSY
TO PAY ANY ATTENTION.

KITTEN!
THIS IS
GOING TOO
FAR!

JESUS,
TERRY. LET'S
NOT HAVE OUR
FIRST
ARGUMENT!



THEY SCRAMBLED BELOW
TO THE STEEL BOARDWALK,
AND THE FIRST TO MEET
THEM WAS KITTEN'S TREAD-
ED ESCORT.

THESE ARE
NEGATIVE
VIBRATIONS, LITTLE
SISTER. IF WE COULD
JUST RAP ABOUT
THIS...!

I AGREE
WITH THE
ROBOT,
KITTEN!

OH, **SPIN**
ON IT, WILL YA,
TERRY?



THIS CAN ONLY INCREASE YOUR BAD KARMA....!

BKKKKK!

SON OF A BITCH RAN OUT ON ME AGAIN!

BKKKKK!

TERRY, IF YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, YOU'D BETTER STEP IT UP!

TERRY?

TERRY?!



BROTHER TERENCE, LITTLE SISTER, THIS IS HEINOUSLY UNCOOL--! GAAAA!

BKKKA! BKKKA! BKKKA!

GET THEE BENT, METHUSALAH!

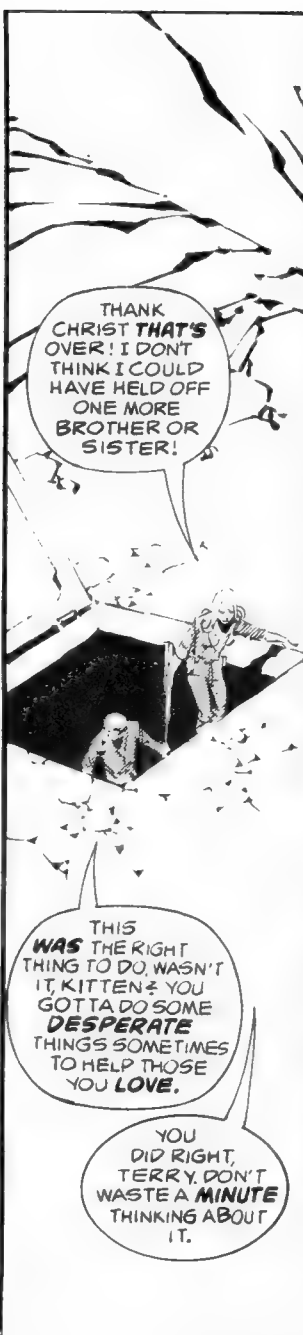
GOD! DID YOU SAY THAT?

THEN THERE IS HOPE!



THIS WAY OUT! DON'T STOP FOR NOTHING!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



THANK CHRIST THAT'S OVER! I DON'T THINK I COULD HAVE HELD OFF ONE MORE BROTHER OR SISTER!

THIS WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO, WASN'T IT, KITTEN? YOU GOTTA DO SOME DESPERATE THINGS SOMETIMES TO HELP THOSE YOU LOVE.

YOU DID RIGHT, TERRY. DON'T WASTE A MINUTE THINKING ABOUT IT.



HIYA, KITTEN. GLAD TO SEE YOU BACK.

SAY, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE A FIVE GALLON CAN OF IODINE, WOULD YOU? I THINK I'M HURT.

LUCIUS!



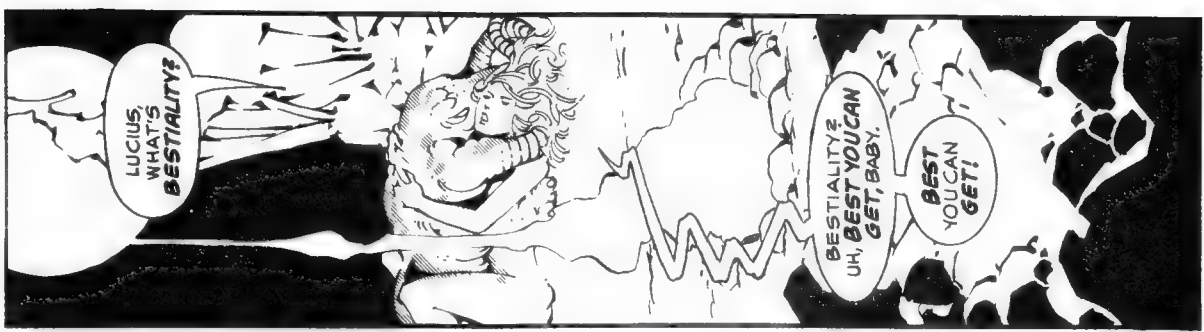
LUCIUS, YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING BACK TO THE SPACESHIP!

I STARTED TO. BUT FIVE OR SIX BULLDYKES CAME BY. THEY WERE GOING DOWN THE TUNNEL AFTER YOU, BUT I SCARED THEM OFF.

ONE OF THEM GOT ME IN THE RIBS WITH A CLUB. I THINK THEY'RE BUSTED.

AW, POOR, DEAR LUCIUS. SHOW ME WHERE IT HURTS.

I TRIED MY BEST NOT TO INFECT HER WOUND AS WE EMBRACED AND NOT TO JOISTLE MY SIDE TOO MUCH WHILE WE WERE AT IT. BUT WHATELL, LOVE IS PAIN ANYWAY.



LUCIUS,
WHAT'S
BESTIALITY?

BESTIALITY? UH, BEST YOU CAN GET, BABY.

BEST YOU CAN GET!

WE JUST STAYED AFTER SEVERAL HOURS AFTER THAT, SPENDING THE TIME RAPPING, KITTEN TELLING ME ALL ABOUT THE NOW GENERATION OF RELIGIOUS WHACKOS WHO DWELLED IN THE CAVERN CITY, ALSO SHE SAID IF I DID NOT USE THE WORDS "HIP", "FAB", OR "GEAR" FOR AT LEAST TWO MONTHS, SHE'D VERY MUCH APPRECIATE IT.



SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK? BACK TO THE MOON?

CHRIST, NO! YOU PROMISED WE COULD HAVE A SENSATIONAL OPERATION GOING HERE ON EARTH. YOU BETTER LIVE UP TO THAT, YOU BASTARD!

YOU MEAN IT, KITTEN? YOU REALLY MEAN IT?

I WOULD NOT JIVE THERE.

AFTER THE SHOT, I CHASED THE SON OF A BITCH BACK DOWN HIS RABBITHOLE, BUT DIDN'T CATCH HIM. KITTEN WAS FINE, A SCRATCH THAT HARDLY NEEDED A BAND-AID, I WAS RELIEVED AS HELL.



LET'S FACE IT, LUCIUS, WHEN IT COMES TO ROMANCE, I'M A WASHOUT!

TOO BAD ABOUT THAT I RATHER LIKED THAT GUY.

I THOUGHT WE REALLY GOT ON TOGETHER, DIDN'T YOU?



TERRY, PLEASE... DON'T!

EAT SHIT, BULLOWKE!



C'MON, TERRY, I HAVEN'T ABANDONED YOU, AND I HAVEN'T ABANDONED LUCIUS. THERE'S NO REASON THE THREE OF US--!

THREE?! :GAG!: I CAN'T EVEN UTTER ALOUD WHAT THAT'S CALLED!

GOODBYE, KITTEN. I'M RE-TURNING TO FACE THE PUNISHMENT OF THE TOWN FATHERS AND BEG MEGILLAH'S FORGIVENESS!

AND DON'T FOLLOW ME! I WON'T BE AROUND TO HELP YOU NEXT TIME!

HEY, GUN, I DON'T GO AWAY ANGRY! JUST GO AWAY!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU PREFER THIS MANGY CREATURE OVER ME!

I SACRIFICED EVERYTHING FOR YOU! BETRAYED MY OWN PEOPLE, BETRAYED MEGILLAH HIMSELF!

FOR WHAT?! WHAT?!

YOU DON'T WANT HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP! ALL YOU'RE INTERESTED IN IS... :GASP!: BESTIALITY!



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POW!

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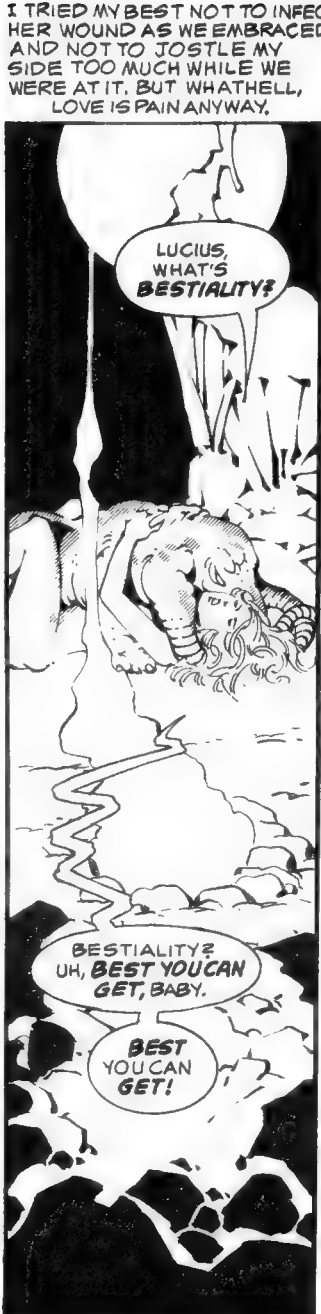
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LUCIUS, WHAT'S BESTIALITY?

BESTIALITY? UH, BEST YOU CAN GET, BABY.

BEST YOU CAN GET!

ONE THING ABOUT **DIMENTO**... YOU COULD NEVER ACCUSE **HIM** OF FLAUNTING HIS INTELLIGENCE. HE HAD A SORT OF **KNACK**... FOR BLUNDERING BLINDLY INTO **TRAPS**...



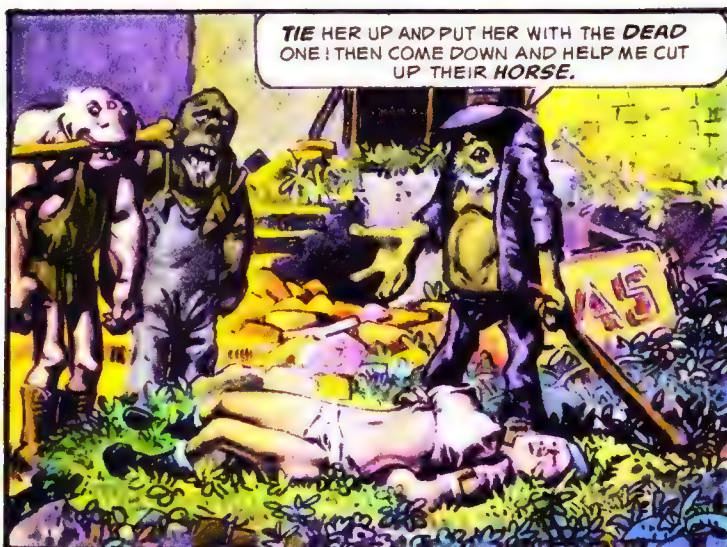
MUTANT WORLD

STARNAD
&
CORBEN

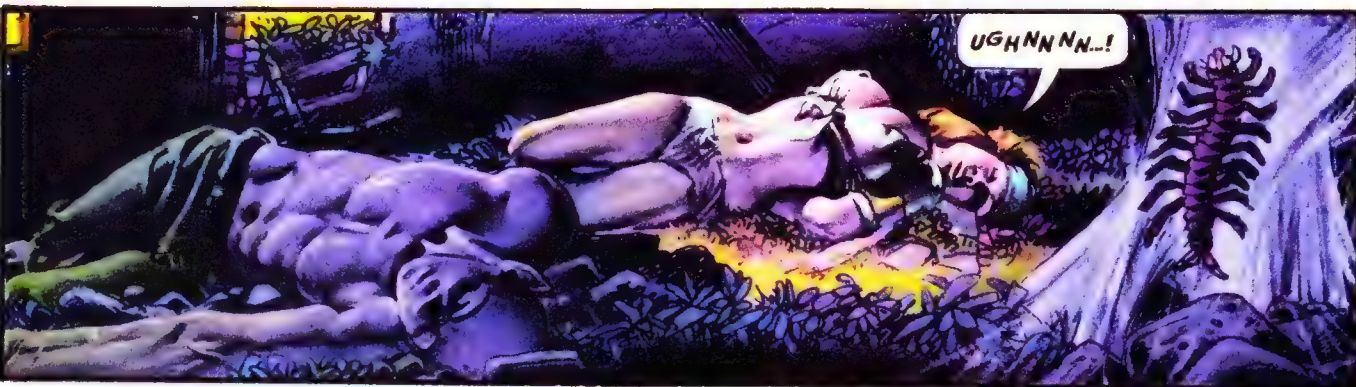


OH YEAH... WELL THINGS'VE **CHANGED**, Y'KNOW, THESE SYPH-HEADED HEATHENS WASN'T SUPPOSED TA **KILL** HIM, SO Y'STILL GOTTA HELP US NAIL THE **LIVE STUFF!**

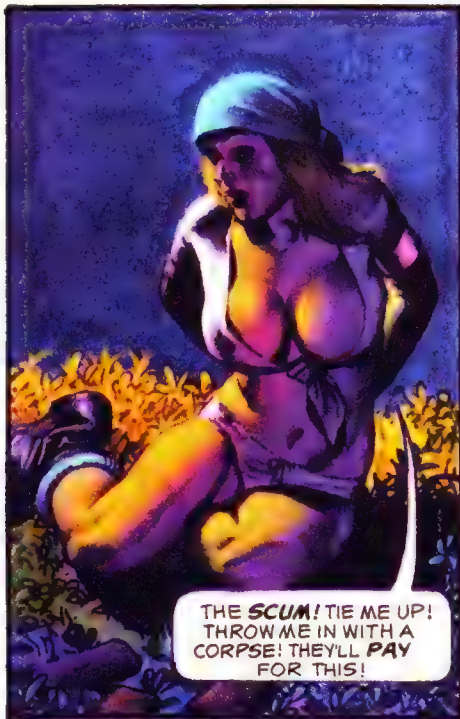
THAT ISN'T **FAIR!** YOU **PROMISED!** YOU SAID YOU'D LET ME **GO!** YOU CRAWLY SLUGEATER! YOU PUKING--!



TIE HER UP AND PUT HER WITH THE DEAD ONE! THEN COME DOWN AND HELP ME CUT UP THEIR HORSE.



UGHNNNN...!



THE **SCUM**! TIE ME UP!
THROW ME IN WITH A
CORPSE! THEY'LL **PAY**
FOR THIS!



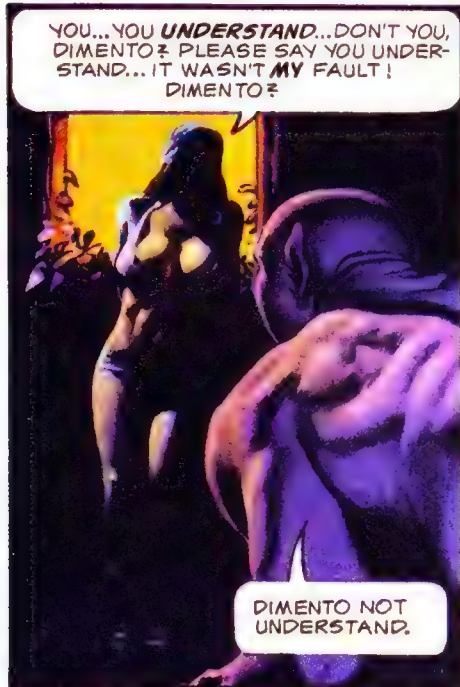
THOSE **LIARS**! THOSE
SLIMY ROTTEN **CROTCHES**!
DAMN THEM ANYWAY!

UHH... OHH...
W-WHAT
HAP--! **OH!**



DIMENTO REMEMBER!
WOMAN TRICK **DIMENTO**!

NO! THEY MADE
ME DO IT! THEY
SAID THEY'D **KILL** ME!

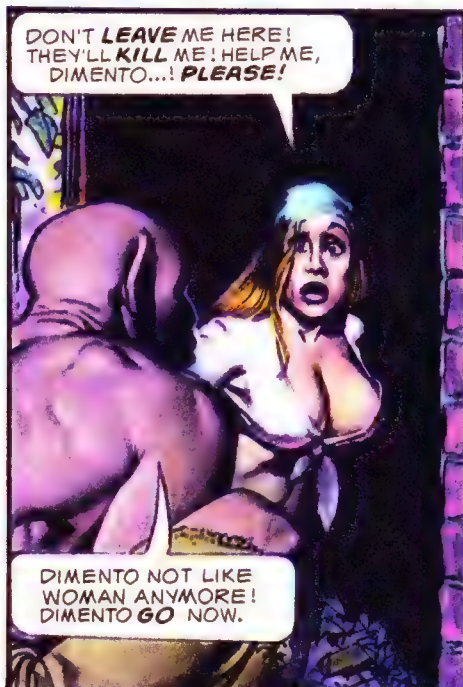


YOU...YOU **UNDERSTAND**...DON'T YOU,
DIMENTO? PLEASE SAY YOU UNDER-
STAND... IT WASN'T **MY** FAULT!
DIMENTO?

DIMENTO NOT
UNDERSTAND.



DIMENTO
WAIT!



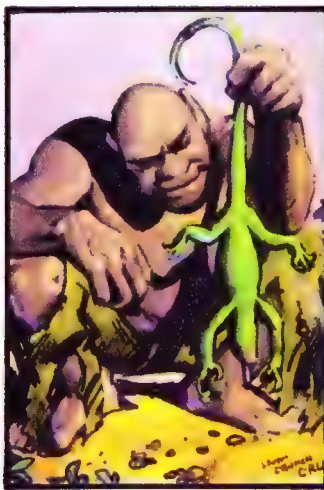
DON'T **LEAVE** ME HERE!
THEY'LL **KILL** ME! HELP ME,
DIMENTO...! **PLEASE!**

DIMENTO NOT LIKE
WOMAN ANYMORE!
DIMENTO **GO** NOW.



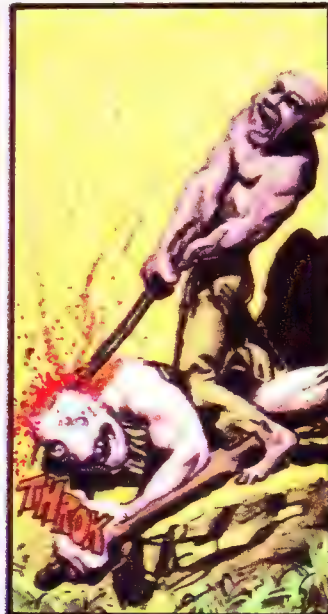
HEY! HE'S ESCAPING!
STOP THREAMING
MOTHER-GRABBER!











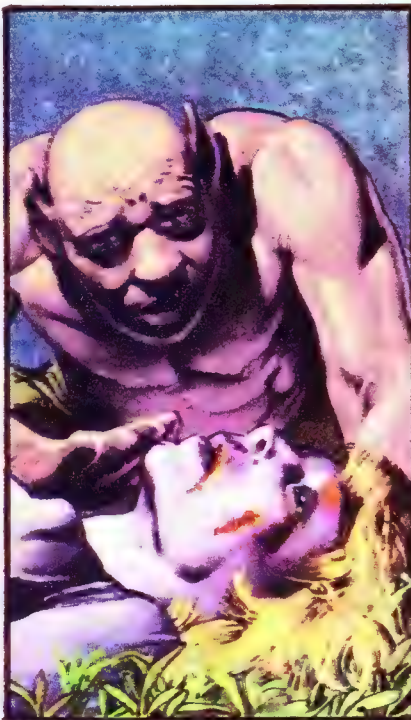
YAAAAA!

THROK

KLASH

SPLASH!

D-DIMENTO?

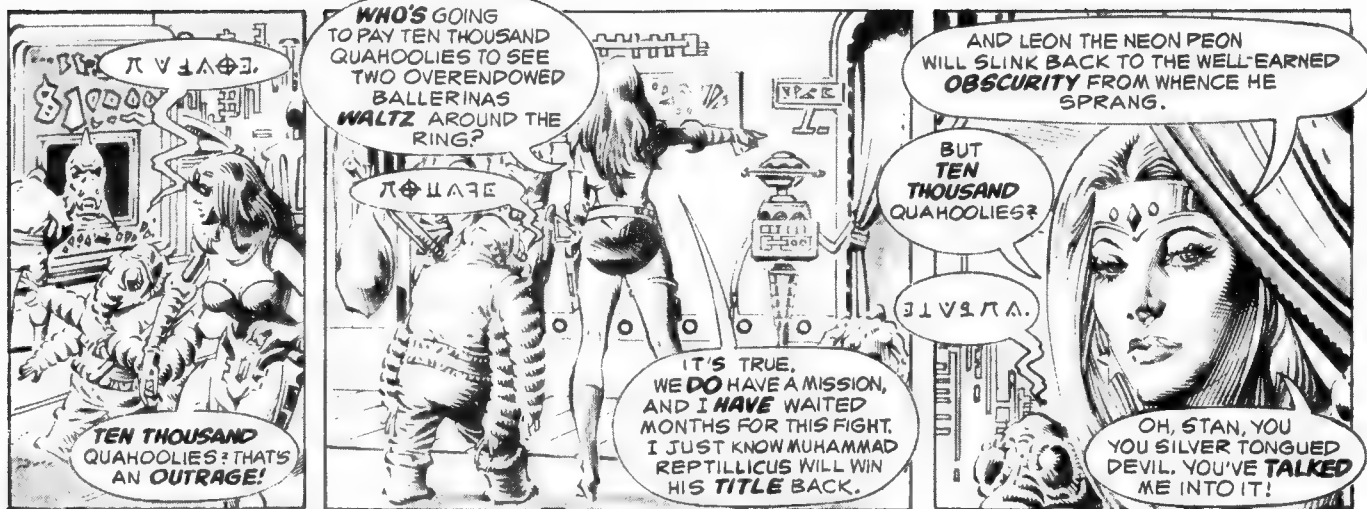


D-DON'T WORRY...
FRIEND...! DIMENTO
MAKE YOU WELL.



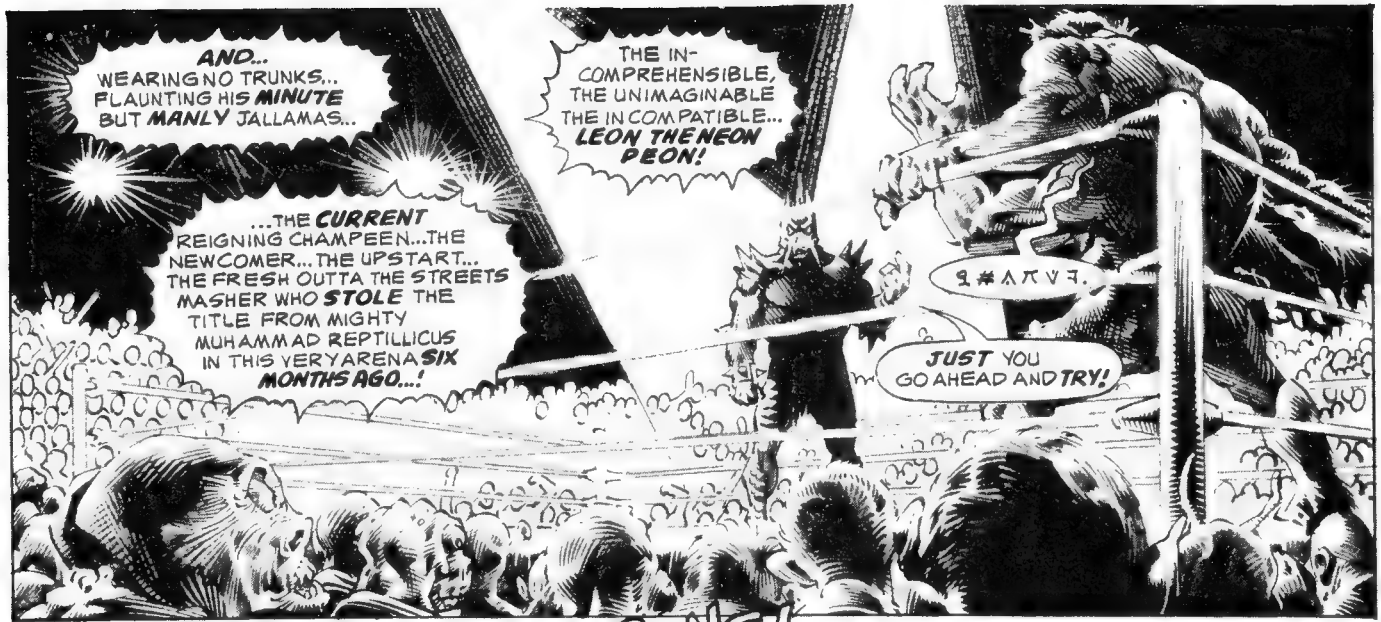
YOU SEE...! DIMENTO
MAKE YOU
PRETTY AGAIN.

AND SO IT WAS...! LOVE HAD BLOSSOMED
LIKE A SPRING FLOWER, IN THE CRUMBLING
RUINS OF DIMENTO'S MUTANT WORLD! HE
TOOK THE GIRL AS HIS VERY OWN...! TO HAVE
AND TO HOLD... AND TO FONDLE FOREVER...!
OR AT LEAST UNTIL THE NEXT TIME THE
HUNGRIES CAME LOOKING FOR MEAT TO
FILL THEIR STEWPOTS...!



the stunning downfall of muhammad reptillicus!





AND...
WEARING NO TRUNKS...
FLAUNTING HIS **MINUTE**
BUT **MANLY** JALLAMAS...

THE IN-
COMPREHENSIBLE,
THE UNIMAGINABLE
THE INCOMPATIBLE...
LEON THE NEON
PEON!

...THE **CURRENT**
REIGNING CHAMPEEN...THE
NEWCOMER...THE UPSTART...
THE FRESH OUTTA THE STREETS
MASHER WHO **STOLE** THE
TITLE FROM MIGHTY
MUHAMMAD REPTILICUS
IN THIS VERY ARENA **SIX**
MONTHS AGO...

2 # A P V 7.

JUST YOU
GO AHEAD AND TRY!



THERE IT IS, LADEES
AND GENNEMEN AND SPORTS
FANS OF THE GALAXY...THE
BELL SIGNALING THE START
OF THE TRANSCENDENT
FIGHT OF THE CENTURY!

BONG!

LEON HAS
CERTAINLY GOT THE
REACH ON HIS OPPONENT,
BUT MUHAMMAD R. IS
WASTING NO TIME WHAT-
SOEVER **LEAPING** AT
HIS FEROCIOUS FOE...
LOOKING FOR THAT
ONE **VULNERABLE**
OPENING TO LAND
THE ALL-IMPORTANT
FIRST PUNCH OF
THE CONTEST!



AND
HERE IT
COMES.

WHAT
A HAYMAKER
IT IS!

JUST LOOK
AT THAT GRACE!
JUST **RELISH** THAT
SYMMETRY! JUST **SAVOR**
THE AERODYNAMIC
EXCELLENCE DISPLAYED
BY THE CHAMPION'S
NIMBLE BODY AS IT
SAILS GRACEFULLY
FROM THE RING!

I THINK
I'M GONNA BE
SICK!



WILL HE GET
UP, LADEES AND
GENNEMEN? WILL **LEON**
THE NEON CHAMP JUMP
BACK INTO THE RING
WITH THE AGING
BUT NO LESS BRUTAL
MUHAMMAD REPTILICUS?

NO...IT
DOESN'T
LOOK
LIKE HE
WILL,
SPORTS
FANS!

WE WANT
OUR **MONEY**
BACK!

FIX! FIX!
PHONEY!

MUHAMMAD
REPTILICUS...YOU
SHOULD BE
ASHAMED!

JUST BECAUSE
YOUR BOX OFFICE
PULL WAS **WANING**...
YOU DELIBERATELY
LOST YOUR TITLE TO
THIS... THIS
BUM!

EVERYBODY
KNEW YOU'D WIN
TONIGHT! BUT THEY
PAID **EXORBITANT**
SUMS TO SEE YOU
FIGHT **ANYWAY!**

AND THIS IS
HOW YOU **REPAY** YOUR
FANS! YOU **CHEAT** US ALL
BY NOT EVEN PUTTING
ON A DECENT **SHOW!**

YOU
TELL'EM,
SWEETIE!

GIVE 'EM
HELL, LITTLE
GIRL!

BEND
HIS HAM,
DOLL!

WE
BEEN
ROBBED!



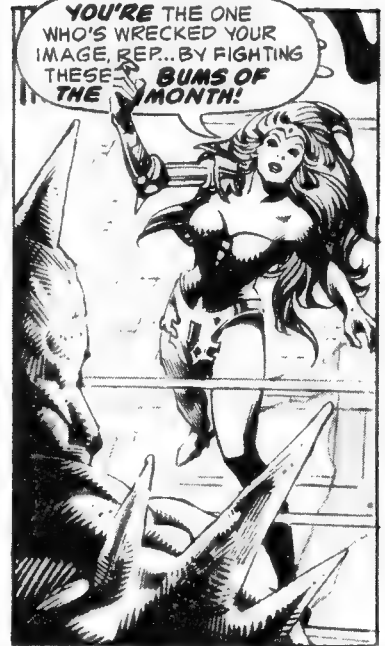
SHIT!
ANYONE COULDA
REAMED THIS NO-
TALENT CREAMPUFF!

IT TAKES
REAL ABILITY TO
MAKE IT LOOK LIKE
WORK!

BANZAI!



CURSE YOU,
YOU MEDDLING DOUCHE
BAG! YOU'VE RUINED
MY IMAGE IN FRONT
OF MY LOYAL
FANS!



YOU'RE THE ONE
WHO'S WRECKED YOUR
IMAGE, REP.. BY FIGHTING
THESE BUMS OF
THE MONTH!



IF Y'WANT A
REAL WORKOUT,
LIZARD LIPS... WHY
DONT YOU TAKE
ME ON?!

YEA AAA
GIRLIE!

STOMP
HIS CHERRIES
GREEN!



YOU!?
HA HA
HA!

WHAT CHANCE
DOES A MERE
GIRL HAVE AGAINST
THE INDELICATE
MUHAMMAD
REPTILLICUS?



KANG

ON THE CONTRARY...!
WHAT CHANCE DOES A
MONGOLIAN CORN-
HOLE HAVE AGAINST THE
TEMPESTUOUS SALLY
STARSLAMMER?



GAAAA!
LOOK AT ME!
I... I'M BLEEDING!

YOU'VE
DEMOLISHED MY
FLAWLESS
FEATURES!

BLOOD!
BLOOD! BUCKETS
OF BLOOD!

YEA AAAAA,
SWEETCAKES!

HIT 'IM
AGAIN! HIT 'IM
AGAIN!

HARDER!
HARDER!

HEAR
THEM, REP?
YOUR FANS
WANT TO SEE
YOU IN A FAIR
FIGHT FOR A
CHANGE.

THINK
YOU CAN HANDLE
IT?

ARGGGGH!
I'LL TEAR YOU
APART!



MASH
THE CLOWN!

STOMP
THE MOTHER!

SHOVE
HIS HEAD UP
HIS MONEYGRUB-
BING ASS!

MAIM
THE LIMP
WAD!

SE HABLA
ESPAÑOL?

✠ 9 V 1 7 ✠

WHEN IT
COMES TO **REAL**
FISTICUFFS, YOU
ALWAYS **HAVE** BEEN
A **CHERRY**
PICKER!

STAND
STILL
DAMMIT!
FIGHT ME
LIKE A
MAN!

THUNK

ARGHHHH!
YOU **DARE** MOCK
THE MIGHTY
MUHAMMAD
REPTILLICUS!

I'LL **TEAR**
OFF YOUR OVER-
RIPE **PLUMS!**

BLOOD!
BLOOD! WE
WANT
BLOOD!

BLOOD
BLOOD! **SMEAR**
HIM WITH
BLOOD!

SLKKKT!

WHAT'S
THE **MATTER**,
REP? CAN'T TAKE
A LITTLE OF YOUR
OWN
MEDICINE?

FLOAT LIKE
A **BATTLEFLY**...**STING**
LIKE A **FLEA**... ISN'T
THAT THE **EXPRESSION**
YOU USED ON **SMOKIN'**
JOE QUASAR?

WELL,
TASTE MY
STING, MY
MAN!

ARGGHHHH!

THIS HAS
GOT TO BE THE
FIRST TIME IN **AGES**
THAT YOU **HAVEN'T**
DISAPPOINTED
THEM!

SOUNDS
LIKE YOUR
FANS ARE **ENJOY-**
ING THEMSELVES,
REP!

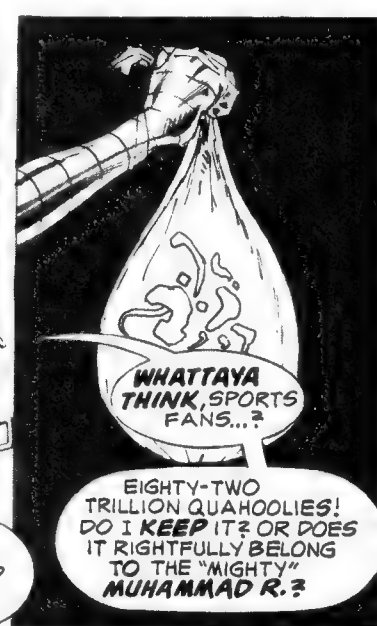
YOU'RE
SHOWING THEM
EXACTLY WHAT KIND
OF A **THESBIAN CROTCH-**
SNIFFER YOU **REALLY**
ARE!

ROAAAAAAR!
I AM **THROUGH** **TOY-**
ING WITH YOU! **FEMALE**
OR **NOT**... I'M **GONNA**
SMASH YOUR **LOVE**
TUNNEL WIDE
OPEN!

UH OH!
I GUESS THAT
MEANS I'D BETTER
START **DEFENDING**
MYSELF!

HERE, Y'GO,
"BIG BEAR!" SWEETSALLY
STARSLAMMER'S MODIFIED
VERSION OF THE **ROPE-**
A-DOPE **MUHAMMAD**
SHUFFLE!

SNAP



HOLD IT
RIGHT THERE!

IT'S **ANGELO
DANDEE**, HEAD OF
THE **U.B.C.*** AND
MUHAMMAD REP'S
MANAGER...

... WITH HIS ARMY OF
MONSTROUS METAL **MAN-MANGLERS!**

LADIES AND
GENTLE MEN, I ASK YOU...!
WAS **THIS** A FAIR AND
LEGAL CONTEST?

*UNIVERSAL BOXING
COMMISSION, NATCH.

HUHHHH!?

THE ANSWER, I
FEAR, IS A SAD-HEART-
ED **NO!** FOR THIS UTTER
SPRITE OF A GIRL IS NOT
LICENSED TO PARTICIPATE
IN THE MANLYART OF PRO-
FESSIONAL **PUGILISM**
WITHIN THE BOUNDARIES
OF THIS FAIR PLANET!

I RESPECTFULLY
SUBMIT THAT THIS
CONTEST IS **NULL** AND
VOID, AND THE PURSE
BE TURNED OVER TO
ME FOR SAFE-
KEEPING!

OVER
MY MASHED
JALLAMAS!

AW, C'MON,
SWEETNESS...! YOU
WOULDN'T WANT ME TO
ORDER MY METALLIC
MERCENARIES TO REND
YOU **LYMB** FROM
BLOODY **LYMB!**

YOU
HAVE A POINT
THERE!

AND INCUR
THE **WRATH** OF
SPORTS FANS EVERY-
WHERE?

MAYBE
WE COULD TALK
ABOUT THIS IN
PRIVATE?

♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠

SURE!
IF YOU GET
RID OF OOGIE
AND THE JUNKERS
THERE! WHY DOES
A BIG BRAVE MAN
LIKE YOU NEED
BODYGUARDS,
ANYWAY?

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MY LOVE!
I JUST WANTED TO SHOW YOU
MY **GALLERY** OF CHAMPIONS...

AND **HERE**,
MY DEAR, IS A
PLACE RESERVED
JUST FOR YOU!

HMMMM!
IMPRESSIVE!
TRIBUTES
IN GLORIOUS
SMELTED
PLASTIC TO
CHAMPIONS
OF DECADES
PAST!

JUST WHAT
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED!
MY VERY OWN **PLASTIC
PEDESTAL!**

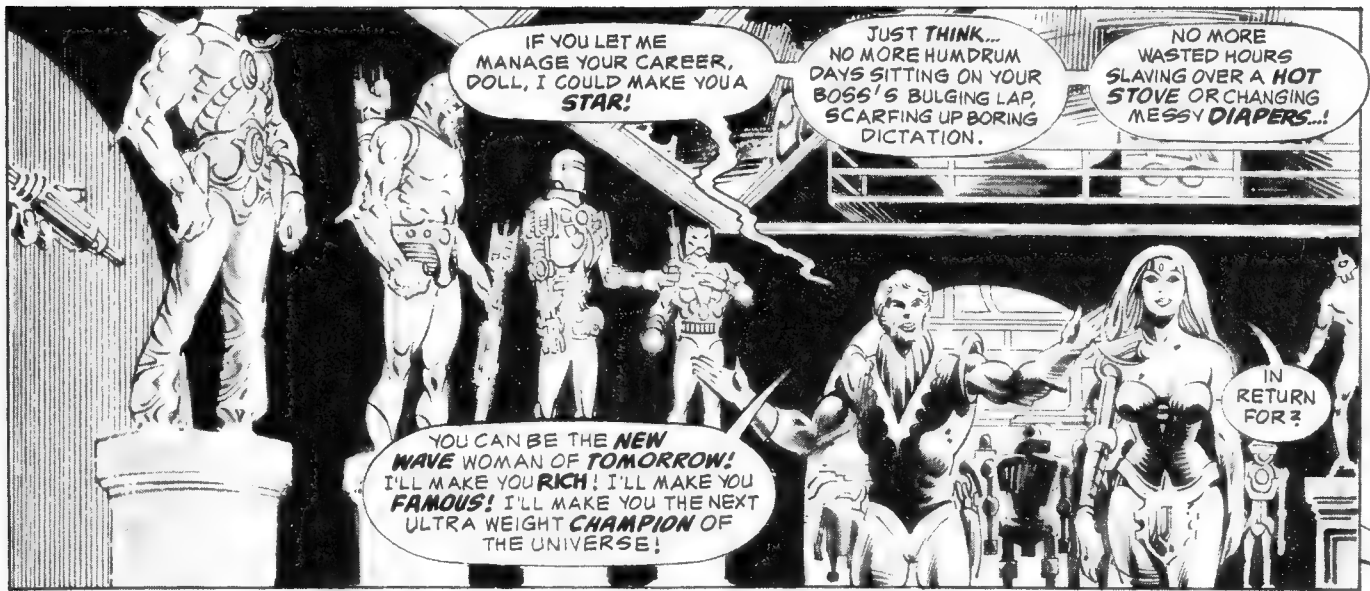
THEY
SAY I FIX
FIGHTS!

THE LACKWITS!
HOW COULD THEY MAKE
SUCH A **VILE**
ACCUSATION?

BEATS ME! I
THINK I'M A **SWEETHEART**
OF A GUY!

C'MON, LET'S GO
WHERE WE CAN BE **ALONE**.
I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION
YOU CAN'T **REFUSE!**

OKAY! BUT
STAN HOLDS THE
MONEY, AND HE WAITS
FOR ME **HERE!**



IF YOU LET ME
MANAGE YOUR CAREER,
DOLL, I COULD MAKE YOU A
STAR!

JUST THINK...
NO MORE HUMDRUM
DAYS SITTING ON YOUR
BOSS'S BULGING LAP,
SCARFING UP BORING
DICTATION.

NO MORE
WASTED HOURS
SLAVING OVER A **HOT**
STOVE OR CHANGING
MESSY **DIAPERS...**!

YOU CAN BE THE **NEW**
WAVE WOMAN OF TOMORROW!
I'LL MAKE YOU **RICH!** I'LL MAKE YOU
FAMOUS! I'LL MAKE YOU THE NEXT
ULTRA WEIGHT **CHAMPION** OF
THE **UNIVERSE!**

IN
RETURN
FOR?



SEVENTY-FIVE
PERCENT OF THE
TAKE!

THAT'S
A MOST
GENEROUS
OFFER, I'M
SURE.

BUT?



BUT
WHY SHOULD
I **GIVE-UP**
EVERYTHING
IN EXCHANGE
FOR A LIFE
BEING
BATTERED
AROUND A
RING?

WHAT
IF I SAW TO
IT THAT **NO**
ONE EVER
LAID A **GLOVE**
ON YOU?

I CAN **SEE** IT
NOW...! THE **UN-**
TOUCHABLE
SALLY STARS-
LAMMER, **SCOURGE**
OF THE GUILPED
CANVAS!

YOU'D
DO THAT
FOR ME?

WHY
NOT? I
DID IT FOR MUHAMMAD
REP FOR **FORTY-TWO**
YEARS!



WHY
DONT YOU
COME UP TO
MY PLACE, TO...
ER... **SEAL** OUR
LITTLE
BARGAIN!

OH, MR. DANDEE...!
YOU'RE **\$000000**
GROOVY!



EVER **MAKE IT**
WITH A **TIRELESS**
LECHER?



MMMM!
FREQUENTLY.



BUT I'M NOT
ABOUT TO **TONIGHT**,
BEAVER BALLS!

H-HEY!
NOT THE **SCARF!**
PLEASE...

NOT THE
SCARF!

\$000!
IT'S JUST AS I
THOUGHT!

YOU...!
YOU'RE NOT
YOUR RUN-OF-
THE MILL
SECRETARY
OR EVEN A
SIMPLE
HOUSEWIFE!

NO, MR. DANDEE...! BUT THEN EITHER ARE **YOU** YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL **PROMOTER!**

OH, **THIS...** HEH HEH! I CAN **EXPLAIN!**

STOW IT, CLOWNIE! CAN'T Y'SEE SHE'S A **COP!?** SHE KNOWS **EVERY** **THING!**

I **SENSED** IT THE SECOND SHE **JUMPED** INTO THE RING AND **BEAT** **HOLY SHIT** OUT OF OUR **BOY MUHAMMAD!**

NO ONE IN THEIR **RIGHT MIND** WOULD **DO** THAT UNLESS THEY WERE FROM THE **LAW!**

I **KNOW** THAT, LOVE! AND I WOULDN'T **DREAM** OF **HURTING** EITHER OF YOU!

YOU'VE BOTH USED YOUR **WITS** TO GET WHERE YOU ARE TODAY...

THEY **KNOW** ABOUT US, DANDEE...! HOW WE **PARAPSYCHES** FROM THE **SYNDICATE PLANETS** MUSCLED INTO THE FIGHT GAME...!

HE...HE'S **RIGHT**, SALLY! YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND...! HE...HE'S A **PARASITE** WHO HAS **ATTACHED** HIMSELF TO MY UNWILLING BODY!

HOW WE TOOK **YOU** AND **EVERY OTHER** **TRAINER** WITH A **TOP-RANKED** **FIGHTER OVER...** SO WE COULD **BETTER CONTROL** THE ACTION!

YOU... YOU CAN'T **STOP** HIM WITHOUT **KILLING** ME!

...AND THE MOST **POETIC JUSTICE** I CAN ADMINISTER, IS A QUICK **LASER BLAST LOBOTOMY!**

BZZZZT!

SHE... HAS... HURT... MASTER!

C'MON, TIN HEADS! GIMME A **BREAK!** I HAVE **NOT** HURT YOUR MASTER!

SHE... MUST... BE... ZAPPED!

BZZZZT!

BZZZZZZT!

FROM NOW ON, HE'LL JUST BE FUNCTIONING ON **ONE CYLINDER** INSTEAD OF TWO!

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT OUR **WHEELS** REVVED UP AND READY TO FLY, STAN!

OF **COURSE** I DID! WHAT DID YOU **THINK** I WAS DOING ALL THIS TIME?

OH, STAN! MUST YOU **ALWAYS** BE SO **JEALOUS?** PARTAKING OF DANDEE'S **SEXUAL PROWESS** NEVER EVEN **CROSSED** MY MIND!

Λ π 3 v e!

3 0 v i 9!

π # 9 A!

0 3 π v i # ?

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO **TELL** YOU...? YOU'RE THE **ONLY** ONE!

GAAAA! **NOT NOW, STAN!** WE'VE GOT TO **REPORT** TO **HEADQUARTERS** AND **TELL** THEM OUR **MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED.**

π # 9 A!

0 3 π v e!

STANLEY STEAMER! **SHAME!** **SHAME!** **SHAME!**

π Λ 3 3 # ?

OH, **ALL RIGHT!**

BUT IT HAS TO BE A **QUICKIE!**

AND NONE OF THAT **PERVERTED STUFF** WITH THE **WHIPS!** YOU KNOW HOW EASILY I **BRUISE!**

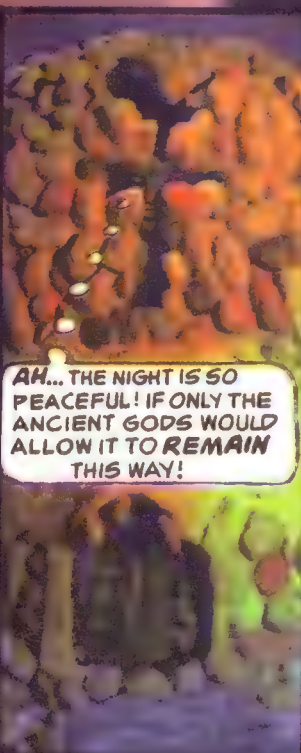
WELL... MAYBE WE COULD KEEP A **LITTLE!** BUT AT LEAST A **MILLION** OF IT GOES INTO **PETTY CASH!**

NOT ONLY DID WE **SUCCED** IN **SQUELCHING** THE **SYNDICATE'S** **CONTROL** OF **MUHAMMAD REPTILICUS...**

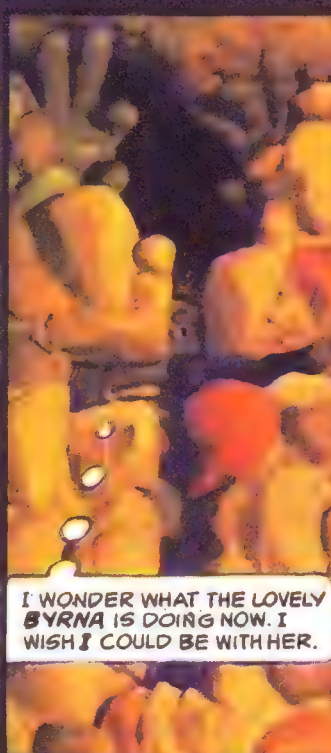
...BUT WE'VE **ACQUIRED** **EIGHTY-TWO TRILLION QUAHOLIES** FOR THE **PETTY CASH** **FUND** AS WELL!



Ogre



AH... THE NIGHT IS SO
PEACEFUL! IF ONLY THE
ANCIENT GODS WOULD
ALLOW IT TO REMAIN
THIS WAY!



I WONDER WHAT THE LOVELY
BYRNA IS DOING NOW. I
WISH I COULD BE WITH HER.



I WISH I COULD BE **HUMAN** LIKE
HER. THEN SHE WOULD LOVE ME!

BUT ALAS...! IT IS NOT TO BE! THE
HATEFUL **PRINCE** WILL NO DOUBT
HAVE HIS WAY WITH HER AGAIN
TONIGHT!



YES, MY QUEEN!



WHATEVER YOU DESIRE, MY DARLING WIFE. OUR PASSIONATE SIGHS ARE THE MUSIC OF LOVE!



SKARRZZZZZ

ZZZZZZZ

SN000000RRZZZZZ



OH, HATEFUL ACCURSED FATE! WHY MUST I FOUL MY BEAUTIFUL BODY WITH HER MONSTROUS TOUCH? THE THOUGHT ALONE MAKES MY PUBES CURL WITH **REVULSION!**

YOU, DAMNED DUMOG! YOU GOT ME INTO THIS WITH YOUR PROMISES OF TANTAMOUNT **POWER!**

I ONLY INTRODUCED YOU, MY PRINCE!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO PLAY MATCHMAKER!



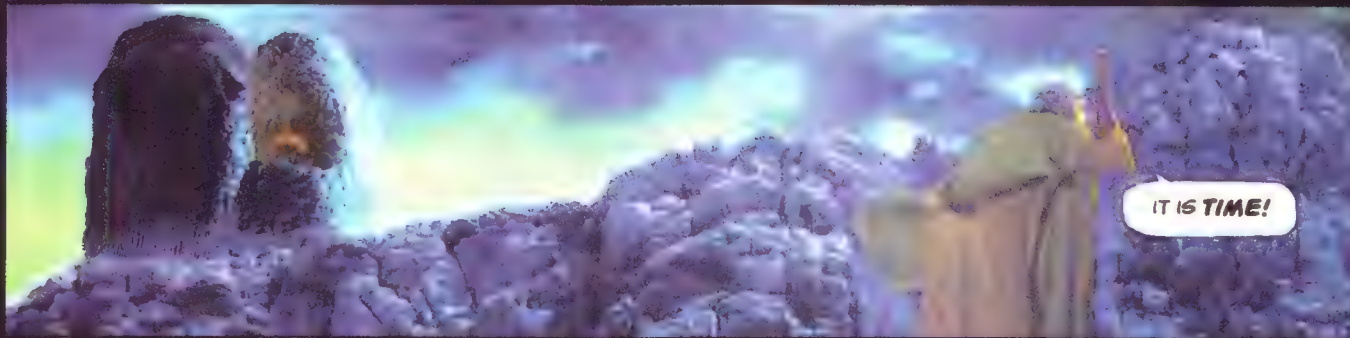
TAKE THAT, DEMON OGRE!

THUD
THUD
THUD

PLEASE, MY LORD!



EGADS! I CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE! **BYRNA!** I MUST HAVE THE OVERLY-ENDOWED **BYRNA!**



IT IS TIME!



YOU MUST GO NOW, **BYRNA.** THE PRINCE SIGNALS HIS **DESIRE!**

N-NO! NO, FATHER! NOT THAT! NOT... NOT... **AGAIN!!**

YOU **MUST** GO, MY DAUGHTER!
WOULD YOU HAVE THE ANGER OF
THE ROYAL FAMILY BORNE DOWN
UPON US **AGAIN?** THE LIVES OF
MERE PEASANTS MEAN **NOTHING**
TO THEM...! QUEEN MORTANA,
SORCERESS AS SHE IS, WOULD
HAPPILY GIFT YOU WITH A
COUNTESSANCE SUCH AS THAT
WHICH SHE BEQUEATHED ME!

GLADLY WILL I
ACCEPT IT THEN!

WHAP

GLADLY WILL YOU
GO! RATHER
THAT I HAVE A
DAUGHTER SKILL-
ED IN THE CARNAL
ARTS... THAN ONE
WITH THE FEATURES
OF A WARTHOG!

MY BYRNA! MY
POOR, POOR
BEAUTIFUL BYRNA!

**THUD
THUD**

GAAAAAA!

STOP **DROOLING**,
UGLY BEAST! SHE
IS MY MISTRESS, DO
YOU HEAR? **MINE!
MINE!**

NOW
OPEN THE DOOR
TO OUR LOVE
CHAMBER! **CARE-
FULLY!** WE MUST
HAVE NO NOISE
THAT WILL AWAKEN
THE SLUMBERING
QUEEN!

**AH! COME, MY COMELY
WENCH! YOU MUST WORK
VERY HARD TO WIPE
AWAY THE DISGUSTING
MEMORY OF MY EARLIER
EVENING HOURS.**



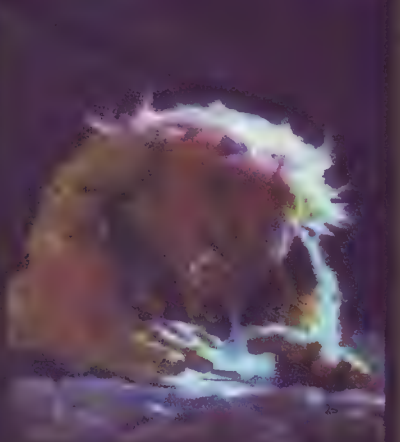
A LITTLE MORE
ENTHUSIASM... OR
I MIGHT LOSE MY
SYMPATHY FOR
YOUR FAMILY.



AHHH! DELECTABLE
RUBIES, AWAITING
THE SKILLFUL CARESS
OF A CONNUBIAL
CONNOISSEUR...!



BE GENTLE,
MY LORD!

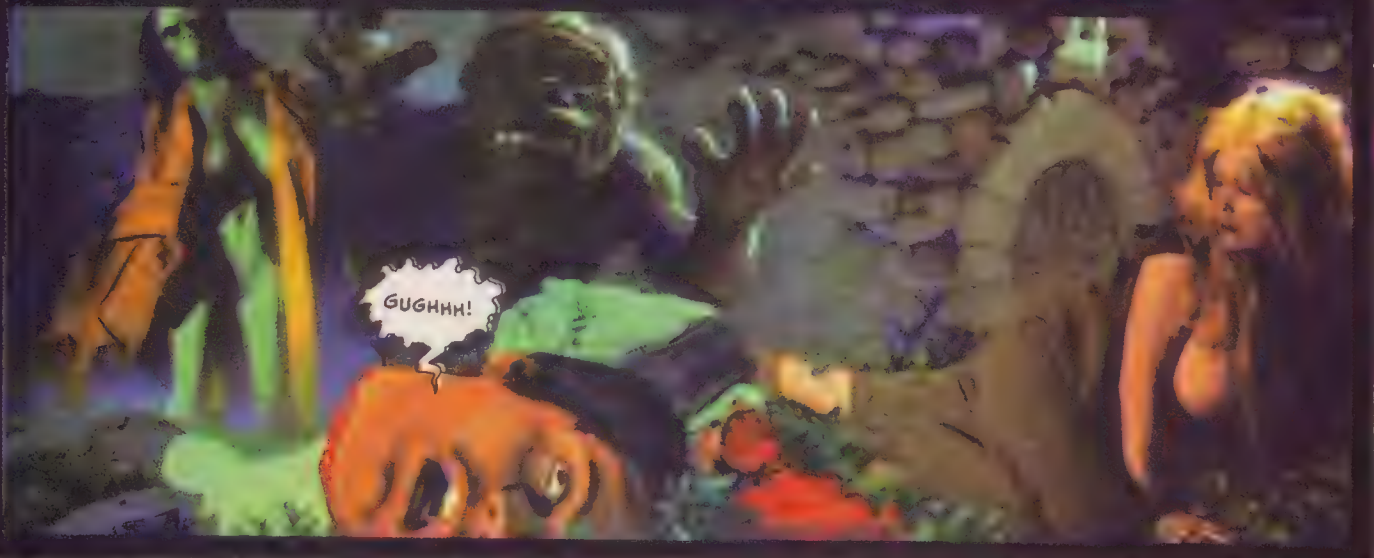
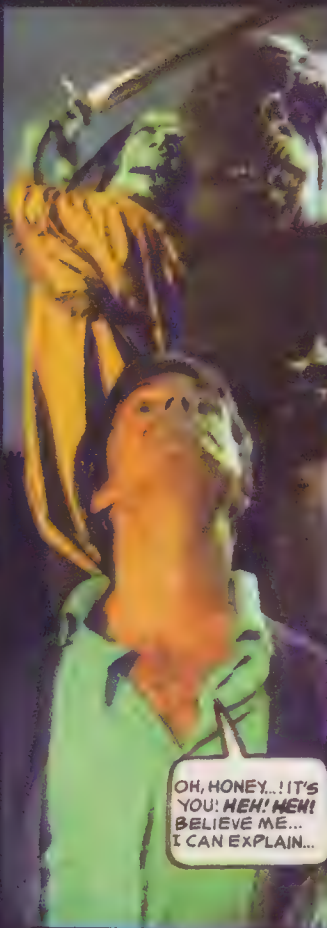
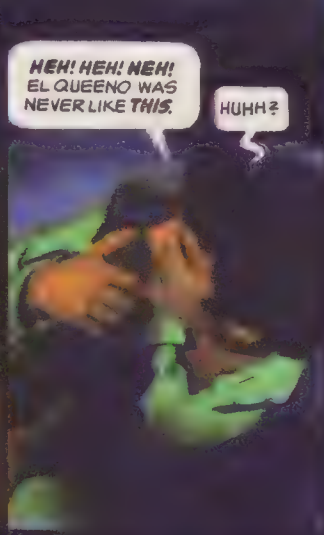
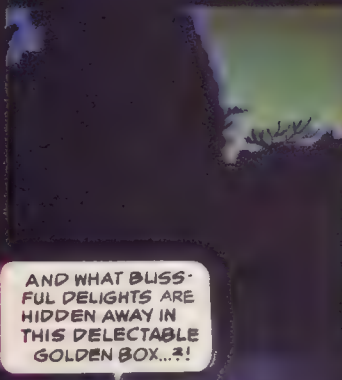



OPEN WIDE AND
SAY **AHHHHH!**



YOU HAVE NOT
YET **BEGUN** TO
EXPERIENCE
ECSTASY...









NAUGHTY,
NAUGHTY, MY
HUSBAND, MY PRINCE.
AND AFTER ALL
I'VE DONE FOR
YOU!

DUMOG MY
EVER LOYAL OGRE,
IS THE **ONLY** ONE
I CAN TRUST.
HE SHALL BE
REWARDED.




GUMMA WAZZU! IPSO
BOZZY...
BIBBITY BOBBITY
BOO!

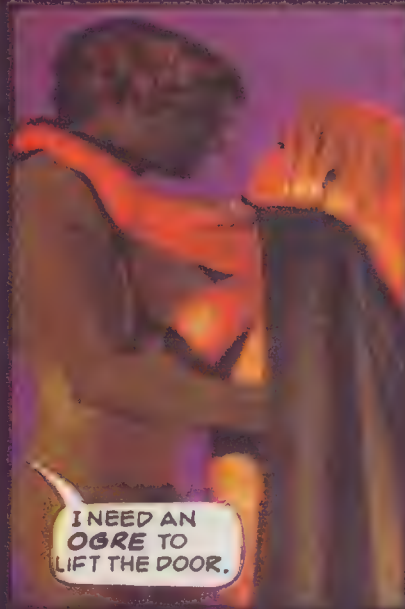


OOOH...! THANK YOU,
GREAT MISTRESS. IT
IS MORE THAN I HAD
EVER HOPED FOR.

YES, I DID
QUITE WELL,
DIDN'T I.



OOOPS! THAT
DOES CREATE A
SLIGHT PROBLEM.



I NEED AN
OGRE TO
LIFT THE DOOR.



HE, HE, HE!
SHE'LL DO!



SNAP!



I DID SO WELL ON
YOU, DUMOG, I'LL RE-
WARD YOU FURTHER
BY TAKING YOU AS
MY NEW HUSBAND.

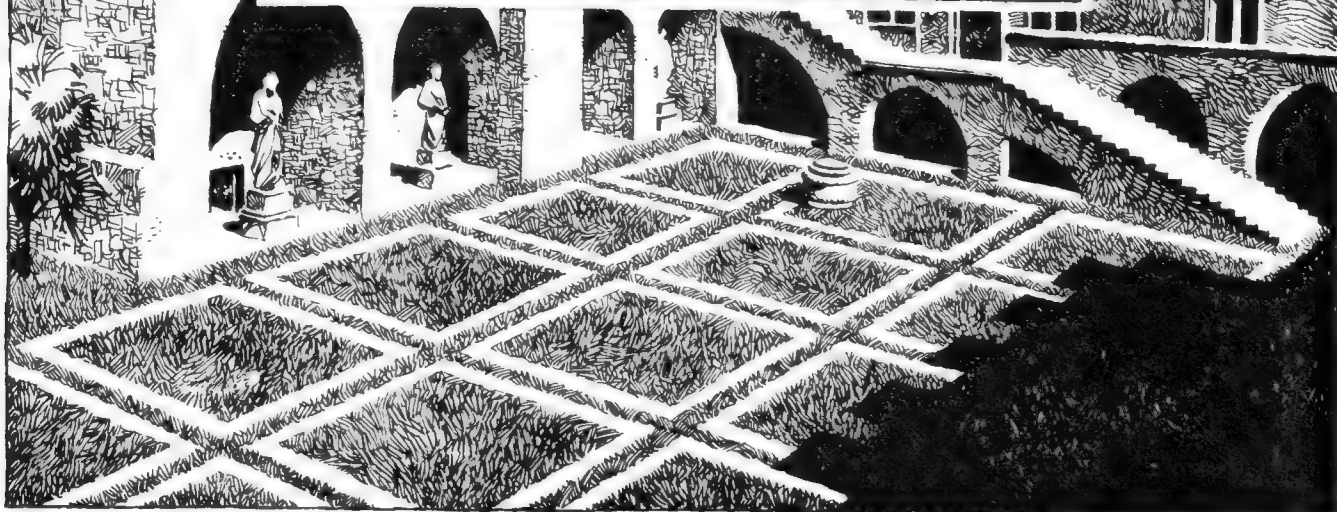
COME, I
MUST TRY
YOU OUT!



Lullaby

THE PIAZZA: SO FAR FROM THE SUN THAT LIGHT AND HEAT MUST GENERATE FROM A THERMALLY-ACTIVATED ASTEROID ORBITING IT. WHEN THE MONARCHS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM STILL LOOMED LARGE, THIS MOON WAS A SUMMERTIME RETREAT FOR THEM, A PLACE FOR THE ARISTOCRATS TO MEET AND DISCUSS MATTERS OF POLICY IN UNHURRIED PLEASURE.

TODAY, IT IS A PLACE OF EXILE FOR ALL THOSE BORN OF NOBILITY, AND WHERE THE ELEGANT LADY STILL DREAMS OF THINGS THAT ARE PAST.





I'D HOPED I WOULD BE GONE BY NOW, SO I WOULDN'T HAVE TO SAY THIS, BUT I COULDN'T SNEAK AWAY LIKE THAT... NOT WITHOUT SAYING SOMETHING.

I HAVE A **CONFESSION** TO MAKE, ELIZABETH. I'M A **DESERTER**. I WAS NEVER GIVEN PERMISSION TO RETURN HERE.



OH NILES! YOU **FOOL!** HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING!

YOU KNOW THE DEMOCRATS ARE LOOKING FOR ANY EXCUSE TO DESTROY US!

I DON'T CARE. I'M GLAD I DID IT.



BUT WHY, NILES? WHY?

I HAD NO CHOICE, ELIZABETH! THEY WERE TRYING TO DRIVE ME MAD! MAJOR EMERY, AND THE OTHERS... RIDING ME, HARASSING ME, THEY KNOW ABOUT US. ELIZABETH!



BUT, IN GOD'S NAME, WHERE WILL YOU GO? YOU'RE A NOBLEMAN... WHAT PLACE IS THERE IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM FOR YOU TO RUN?

ANYWHERE. THERE ARE PLACES I'VE HEARD OF... DISTANT ASTEROIDS WHERE A MAN COULD LOSE HIMSELF FOREVER!



DAMNIT. IT'S THE DEMOCRATS' WAR! I DIDN'T ENLIST IN THEIR BLOODY ARMY, THEIR SILLY CONGRESS DRAFTED ME! FOR THE GOOD OF THE MORALE, THEY SAID! HA!

IT WAS NEVER MY PLACE TO BEGIN WITH TO BE A SOLDIER!

THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM IS AT WAR TO REPEL THE INVADERS NILES. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO'S IN POWER! THE SOLAR SYSTEM STILL NEEDS MEN.



THEY DON'T
NEED ME! IF ANY-
THING, I MAKE THE
MORALE *WORSE!*

BUT I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO RETURN...
TO FACE COURT-MARTIAL
... IF YOU INTERCEDED
FOR ME.

PLEASE DO IT, MY DARLING. ALTHOUGH
THE ARISTOCRACY HAS BEEN STRIPPED OF ITS
POWER, YOU STILL HAVE MANY *ALLIES*... BOTH
ARISTOCRATS AND DEMOCRATS... WHO COULD
HELP; A SIMPLE *LETTER* WOULD DO IT.



PLEASE,
NILES... *DON'T*
ASK...!



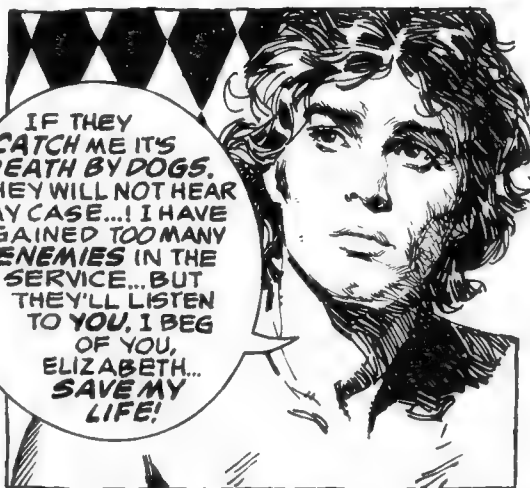
BUT I
MUST ASK.
ONLY YOU CAN
SAVE ME
NOW.

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW IT
IT WAS, ELIZABETH. THE *NAMES*
THEY CALLED ME... THE VICIOUS THINGS
THEY SAID ABOUT *BOTH* OF US AND MAJOR
EMERY, THE PIG! WHENEVER I WOULD
DELIVER HIS FOOD TO HIM HE'D
TAUNT ME!

"TELL ME
OF YOUR *GIRL*-
FRIEND, PRIVATE
GIDEON," HE WOULD
SAY. "IS IT *TRUE*, IS
IT *TRUE*?"

THE FOUL-MOUTHED SWINE.
AT LAST I COULD STAND IT NO
MORE, AND I GRABBED THE STEAK
KNIFE FROM HIS TRAY AND STUCK IT IN
HIS *FAT FACE*! I HAD TO STOP HIS
VULGAR FLOW OF OBSCENITIES
SOMEHOW!

NILES,
GOD HELP US...
YOU STUPID, STUPID
BOY...!



IF THEY
CATCH ME IT'S
DEATH BY DOGS.
THEY WILL NOT HEAR
MY CASE...! I HAVE
GAINED TOO MANY
ENEMIES IN THE
SERVICE... BUT
THEY'LL LISTEN
TO YOU, I BEG
OF YOU,
ELIZABETH...
SAVE MY
LIFE!



IT IS TRUE
THAT I COULD HELP
YOU, NILES... PERHAPS
GET YOU OUT OF THE
SERVICE. BUT YOU
MUST KNOW IT IS
MORE *COMPLICATED*
THAN THAT.

WE ON THE PIAZZA
ARE ALL THAT'S LEFT
OF THE ARISTOCRACY...
THE LAST OF NOBILITY.
WE ARE THE SHAPE
OF THE PAST, AND THE
HOPE OF THE FUTURE,
AND *NOTHING* MUST
BE ALLOWED TO
CORRUPT THAT.



PLEASE UNDERSTAND. I DON'T WANT YOU TO COME TO HARM, BUT WE HAVE **RESPONSIBILITIES**. THE COMMON PEOPLE WHO THINK THEY CAN GOVERN **THEMSELVES**... THE SIMPLE LABORERS, GROCERS, MECHANICS, SPACE PILOTS, PHYSICIANS... IN TIME THEY WILL SEE THE TRUE **FUTILITY** OF THEIR DEMOCRACY, AND THEY WILL LOOK TO **US** TO RULE THEM AGAIN, AS IT **MUST BE**.

BUT IF YOU SHOW **COWARDICE** NOW... IF YOU **FLY** FROM THIS CRISIS... THE COMMONWEALTH WILL SEE US AS **WEAK AND FEARFUL**, AND CUT US DOWN FOR GOOD.

WE ARE THE LAST HONORABLE BREED, NILES. YOU MUST NOT BRING **SHAME** TO THIS HOUSE.

THEN... WHAT AM I TO **DO**?



YOU MUST **RETURN** TO YOUR UNIT, **SURRENDER** YOURSELF, EXPLAIN THAT WHAT YOU DID WAS IN A FIT OF RAGE, AND YOU WILL ACCEPT WHATEVER PUNISHMENT THEY DEEM **EQUITABLE**.

THEY WILL **RESPECT** YOU FOR THAT. I DON'T SEE HOW THEY COULD DEAL TOO SEVERELY WITH THE **TRUTH**.

THEY'LL... KILL... ME...!



KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

THEY'RE **HERE!** I HAVE TO **GET OUT!**

NO, DON'T! IT'S JUST THE SERVANT WAKING ME! **PLEASE WAIT, NILES!**

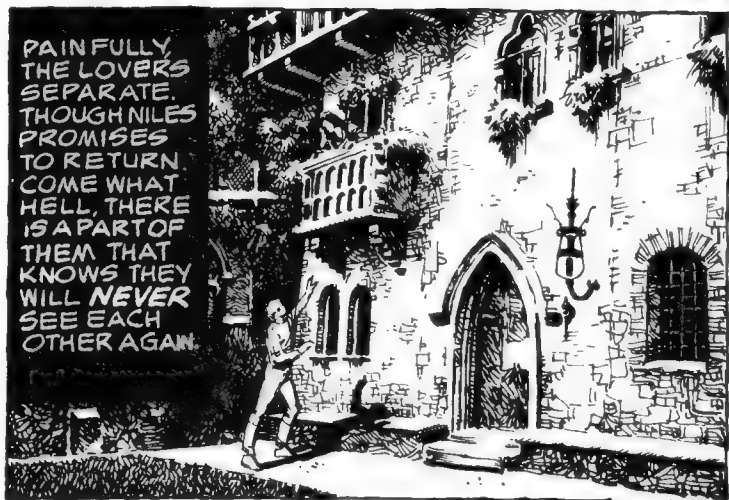


I GUESS THIS IS **GOODBYE FOREVER**, ELIZABETH. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING... MAYBE I'LL LEAVE THE **SOLAR SYSTEM** **ALTOGETHER**.

CHOKES! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE YOU'D TURN YOUR BACK ON ME LIKE THIS. **SOMEHOW...** I EXPECT MUCH **MORE** FROM YOU.



NILES, MY SWEET... IF YOU RUN NOW, YOU WON'T EVEN HAVE MY **LOVE** ANYMORE. I COULD ORDER YOU TO RETURN TO YOUR UNIT, BUT I SHOULDN'T THINK THAT THAT WOULD BE **NECESSARY**.



AS HE RUNS, A NUMBER OF POSSIBLE AVENUES OF **ESCAPE** OCCUR TO NILES. HE BEGINS TO THINK HE HAS GONE **MAD** FOR EVER LISTENING TO THE WOMAN.

YET, HE CAN NOT HELP TURNING BACK, TO LOOK AT HER ONCE MORE THERE IN HER CHAMBER. BUT THIS TIME, HIS STAKE IS FIXED NOT UPON HIS **LOVER**, BUT HIS **QUEEN**. FOR IN FACT SHE IS **QUEEN**, DESCENDED FROM A STATELY LINE OF NOBLEMEN.

ELIZABETH WEEPS AS SHE LOOKS INTO NILES' **SORROWFUL** EYES. WITHIN HER, SHE IS CONVINCED, SHE HAS SENT HIM ON TO THE **GRIMMEST** OF FATES



HIS DOUBTS DRIFT AWAY. MERE LOVERS CAN **BETRAY** YOU, BUT NEVER YOUR **QUEEN**.



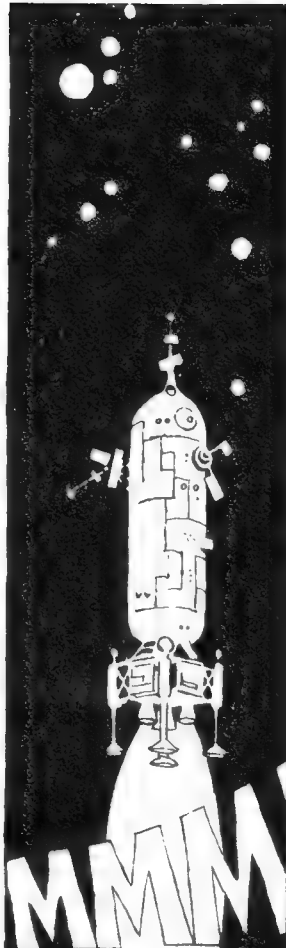
IRONICALLY, THE TRUE ENEMIES OF THE ARISTOCRACY, THE ONES WHO BROUGHT IT DOWN, WERE NOT THE DEMOCRACY, BUT A HANDFUL OF **MORALISTS** WHO HAD GROWN **INCENSED** AT WHAT THEY CALLED "THE **MUDBORNE MORALITY** OF THE **HIGHBORN**!"



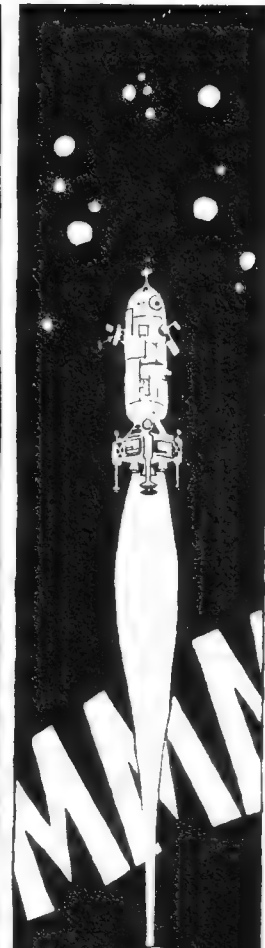
IT WAS TRUE THAT THE ARISTOCRATS HAD DIFFERENT WAYS, AND WOULD FREQUENTLY INVOLVE THEMSELVES IN WHAT WAS THOUGHT BIZARRE AND REPULSIVE BEHAVIOR BY THE MORALISTS. BUT THIS DID NOT MEAN THE ARISTOCRATS WERE **IMMORAL**.



IN FACT THE ARISTOCRATS HAD PROBABLY THE MOST **RIGID** OF ALL MORAL STANDARDS, FROM THEIR OWN POINT OF VIEW.



CERTAINLY, **SEXUAL TABOOS** WERE VIRTUALLY UNKNOWN TO THEM, DETERMINED AS **ASININE** AND IN MANY WAYS **HARMFUL**, BY PREVIOUS RULERS DECADES AGO. BUT WHAT THE ARISTOCRATS DID HAVE WAS A SENSE OF DUTY AND **HONOR** UNMATCHED ANYWHERE IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM.



AND WHILE THE MORALISTS AND THE DEMOCRATS CONTINUED TO PREACH THESE THINGS, THE ARISTOCRATS **LIVED** BY THEM. GOD, GOVERNMENT AND THE CROWN STOOD ABOVE **ALL** ELSE... EVEN ABOVE THE LIFE OF **NILES GIDEON**.



AS NILES FLIES SPACEWARD, THE CREDIBILITY OF THE ARISTOCRATS FLIES WITH HIM. FOR A LONG MOMENT, ELIZABETH CONSIDERS THE CONSEQUENCES THAT WOULD BEFALL THEM IF NILES SHOULD DECIDE TO RUN, THEN QUICKLY DISMISSES THE THOUGHT

SHE HAD RAISED HER SON TO DO BETTER THAN THAT.

PROLOGUE

YOU ALL KNOW WHY YOU WERE CALLED HERE. THE **DRUULS** WANT **SOMETHING ELSE** FROM US...

...ALTHOUGH THIS TIME IT DOESN'T SOUND TOO BAD.

THE **DRUULS** SAY WE ARE NOT LOOKING AFTER OUR **CHILDREN**. THE **DRUULS** SAY OUR KIDS ARE VANDALIZING THEIR EQUIPMENT AND RIDICULING THEIR TROOPS.

THERE'S THAT DYNAMITE CHICK AGAIN! THERE MUST BE **SOME** WAY I CAN COMPROMISE HER INTEGRITY.

THE **DRUULS** SAY OUR KIDS ARE **UNCOUTH, IRRESPONSIBLE, AND INTOLERABLE**. THE **DRUULS** DON'T LIKE OUR KIDS.

EXCUSE ME, MISS. I COULDN'T HELP NOTICING YOU'VE GOT THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE.

STICK IT IN YOUR EAR, ASSHOLE.

THE **DRUULS** ARE THROWING THE MATTER BACK **OUR** WAY. THEY WANT US TO BUILD A **BOY'S CAMP** ON THE PLANET DRACO-4 IN THE HOPES IT WILL BURN OFF SOME OF THE KIDS' ENERGY.

NAME'S **CHARLIE PRISTINO**. WHAT'S YOURS?

LINDA MORRISON.

NOW **SHUT UP** BEFORE I GIVE YOU AN ELBOW IN THE CHOPS?!

AND THAT'S WHERE THE **ASTRO-CORPS** COMES IN. WE NEED A COUPLE PEOPLE TO CONSTRUCT A TRANSPORTER ON DRACO-4. THE **DRUULS** HAVE LENT US THE EQUIPMENT AND THE ROCKET TO TAKE THEM THERE.

I CAN SEE THIS GIRL IS GOING TO TAKE MORE **EFFORT** THAN USUAL.

BUT WHEN **CHARLIE PRISTINO** DECIDES HE WANTS SOMETHING, HE **NEVER** GIVES UP.

PROBLEM IS, EARTHENS JUST AREN'T BUILT TO HANDLE THE TREMENDOUS G-FORCES THE **DRUUL SHIPS** GENERATE. WHO-EVER GOES ON THIS MISSION, WILL BE **KILLED-IN-FLIGHT**.

HYDROGEN HEARTSTOPPER?

BLOW UP YOUR LUNGS. SEE IF I CARE.

THE **DRUULS**, SPORTS THAT THEY ARE, HAVE ALSO GIVEN US A PAIR OF **ENCEPHALOBANDS**. THESE ARE DEVICES WHICH ARE CAPABLE OF **ANIMATING** CORPSES FOR A LIMITED TIME...! LONG ENOUGH TO ERECT THE TRANSPORTER AND RETURN TO EARTH THROUGH IT.

ACTUALLY, I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO FLY THESE MISSIONS. I'M WEALTHY BEYOND IMAGINING. I ONLY FLY THESE DAYS BECAUSE THEY NEED TERRIFIC PILOTS LIKE ME SO DESPERATELY.

HERE'S THE CATCH: ONLY IF THE TRANSPORTER IS BUILT **QUICKLY** WILL YOU BE ABLE TO RETURN TO EARTH IN TIME FOR THE **DRUULS** TO RESTORE YOU TO LIFE. WASTE A SECOND TOO MUCH AND YOU'RE DEAD FOR **GOOD**!


I'M A DAMN FAIR PILOT **MYSELF**. WISE GUY!

ZAT SO? HEY MAYBE WE CAN DO A **MISSION** TOGETHER SOMETIME!

OVER MY DEAD BODY!

ONLY OUR **BEST** PILOTS WILL DO FOR THIS MISSION...!

CHARLIE PRISTINO... LINDA MORRISON...! SORRY, FELLAS. BUT WHEN YOU'RE HOT YOU'RE **HOT**.



OH SURE, WE COULD HAVE FOUGHT THE DRUULS IF WE HAD A NOTION TO. BUT WHAT WAS THE USE? THEY WERE TALLER, HANDSOMER, BLONDER, TOLD BETTER JOKES, AND BY THE WAY, WERE **SEVEN MILLION YEARS** MORE ADVANCED THAN US.

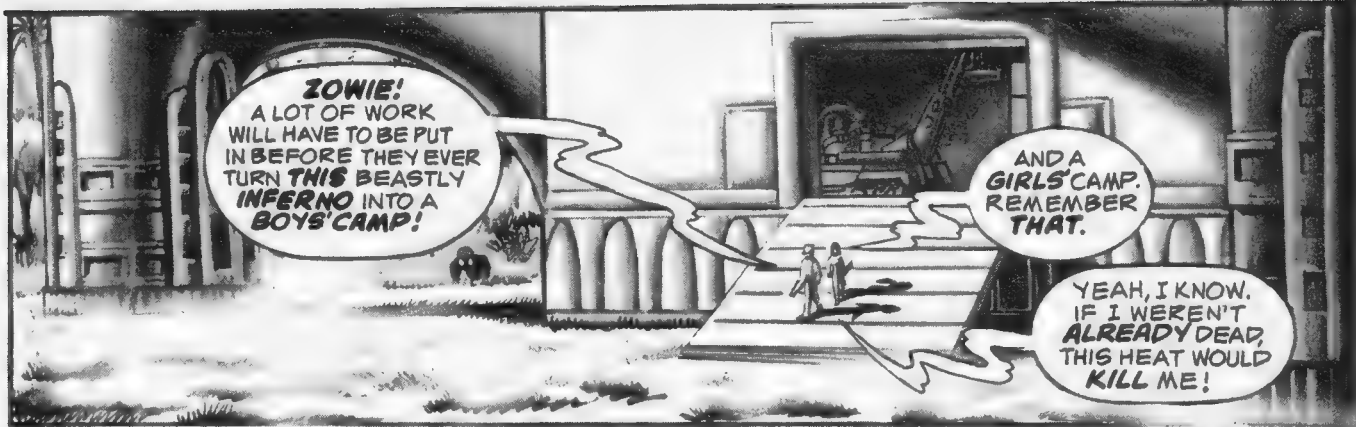
NATURALLY, THE DRUUL INVASION OF EARTH WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH. THEY SIMPLY PROMISED TO **BLOW UP OUR SUN** IF WE DIDN'T BECOME THEIR WILLING SLAVES. WE'VE BEEN IN A FUNK EVER SINCE.

BUT THE DRUULS DIDN'T LIKE OUR **KIDS**. WHERE THE ADULTS REALIZED THAT RESISTANCE TO THE DRUULS WAS USELESS AND **DANGEROUS**, THE KIDS WERE NOT SO SOPHISTICATED. THE KIDS JUST WENT ON SABOTAGING THE DRUUL ARSENALS, ROUGHING UP LOOSE DRUULS IN PARKING LOTS. SOMETIMES THE KIDS SCARED EVEN ME.

I THOUGHT THIS CAMP WOULD BE A GOOD DEAL FOR THE KIDS. IT WOULD GET A LOT OF THEM OUT FROM UNDER FOOT OF THE DRUULS, BEFORE THE DRUULS BECAME **REALLY** ANGERED AND DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING **DRASTIC** ABOUT THEM.

SO TWO WEEKS LATER, LINDA MORRISON AND I LANDED ON DRACO-4.

BOYS' CAMP



ZOWIE!
A LOT OF WORK
WILL HAVE TO BE PUT
IN BEFORE THEY EVER
TURN **THIS BEASTLY
INFERNO** INTO A
BOYS' CAMP!

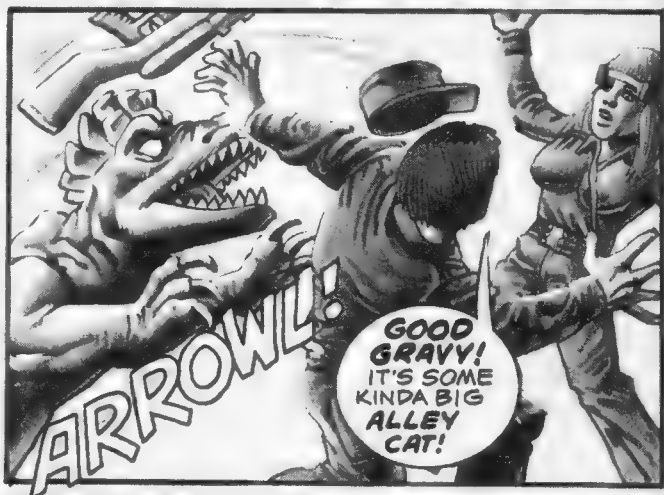
AND A
GIRLS' CAMP.
REMEMBER
THAT.

YEAH, I KNOW.
IF I WEREN'T
ALREADY DEAD,
THIS HEAT WOULD
KILL ME!



HOW'S ABOUT WE SET
UP OVER THERE, IN THE
SHADE? OR MAYBE UP ON
THAT RISE? OR MAYBE--!

OR
MAYBE YOU
DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT.



ARROW!

**GOOD
GRAVY!**
IT'S SOME
KINDA BIG
**ALLEY
CAT!**



**KILL IT!
KILL IT! CRYIN'**
OUT LOUD, WHAT'RE
YOU WAITING
FOR??

HE'S
**JUMPING
AROUND!**
I CAN'T GET
A CLEAR
SHOT!!

ROWWLL!



**NOW!!
CHOP
HIM!!**

WROOOO!



GATEEEE!

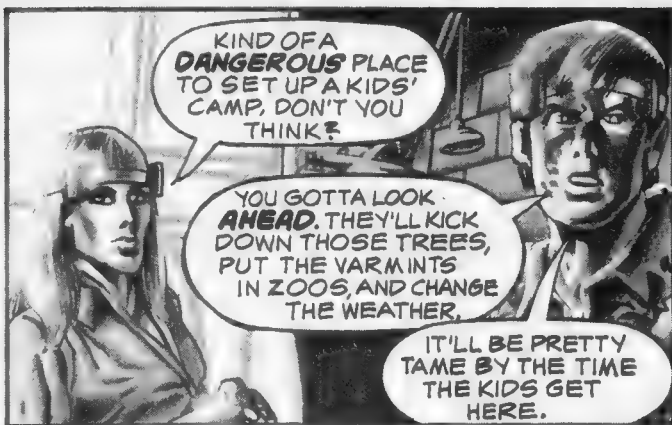


MMMMMM!
TABBY RIPPED
ME UP
SOME!

YOU
GOING TO BE
OKAY?

SURE, US
CORPSES DON'T
FEEL MUCH
PAIN.

Y'KNOW THIS
DEAD STUFF AIN'T
HALF AS BAD AS
PEOPLE MAKE IT
OUT TO BE.



KIND OF A
DANGEROUS PLACE
TO SET UP A KIDS'
CAMP, DON'T YOU
THINK?

YOU GOTTA LOOK
AHEAD. THEY'LL KICK
DOWN THOSE TREES,
PUT THE VARMINTS
IN ZOOS, AND CHANGE
THE WEATHER.

IT'LL BE PRETTY
TAME BY THE TIME
THE KIDS GET
HERE.

SHORTLY, CONSTRUCTION BEGINS
ON THE TRANSPORTER.



COME ON,
FORWARD FORWARD!
NO, BACK...NO...**LEFT!**
NONO NOOO! **LEFT!**
LEFT! YOU'RE
NOT
LISTENING!!

#&4!/?@!

WHIRR
WHIRR



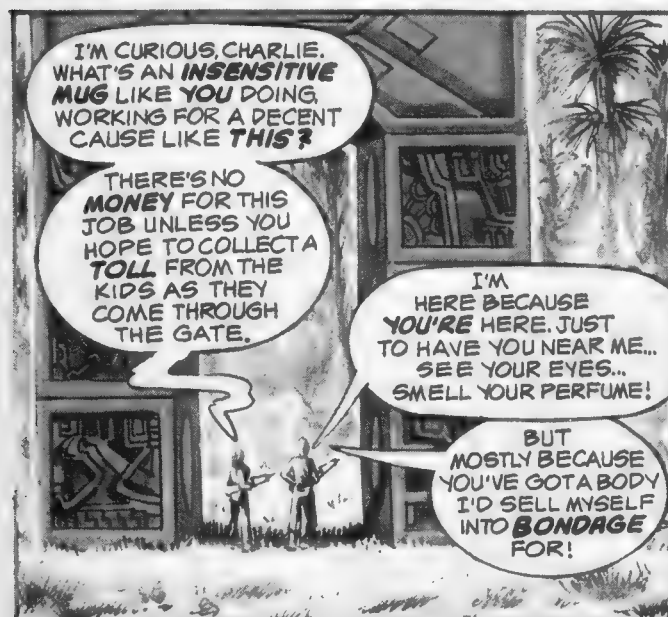
OKAY,
OVER A BIT MORE,
MORE... MORE...!
NO, YOU NITWIT!
YOU'RE **TOO FAR**
NOW!!

I'LL
KILL HIM!
I'LL
KILL HIM!



WE'RE
NOT FINISHED
YET! WHY ARE
YOU
LOLLYGAGGING?

I'VE GOT
TO STOP AWHILE.
I'M HAVING TROUBLE
CONTROLLING MY
BODY, I'LL BE
ALL RIGHT IN A
SECOND.



I'M CURIOUS, CHARLIE.
WHAT'S AN **INSENSITIVE**
MUG LIKE YOU DOING
WORKING FOR A DECENT
CAUSE LIKE **THIS?**

THERE'S NO
MONEY FOR THIS
JOB UNLESS YOU
HOPE TO COLLECT A
TOLL FROM THE
KIDS AS THEY
COME THROUGH
THE GATE.

I'M
HERE BECAUSE
YOU'RE HERE. JUST
TO HAVE YOU NEAR ME...
SEE YOUR EYES...
SMELL YOUR PERFUME!

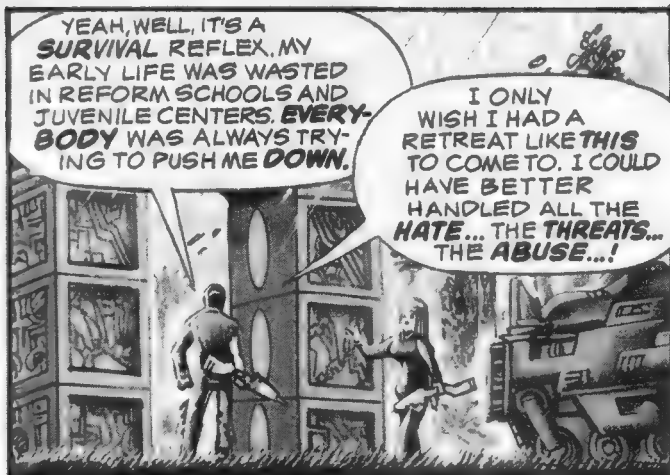
BUT
MOSTLY BECAUSE
YOU'VE GOT A BODY
I'D SELL MYSELF
INTO **BONDAGE**
FOR!



CAN'T YOU
EVER BE SERIOUS?
DON'T YOU REALIZE
THE **IMPORTANCE** OF
THE KIDS' **NEED** FOR
THIS CAMP!

DON'T
RELEVANCE
ME, SISTER. I
WANT THIS CAMP
AS BAD AS THE **NEXT**
GUY! ANYTHING THAT
GETS THE KIDS AWAY
FROM THE DRUULS--
EVEN JUST FOR THE
SUMMER... IS IM-
PORTANT TO ME!

CHARLIE...
I'M SORRY. I
REALLY DIDN'T
GUESS. YOU'RE
ALWAYS SO DAMN
FLIP.



YEAH, WELL, IT'S A **SURVIVAL REFLEX**. MY EARLY LIFE WAS WASTED IN REFORM SCHOOLS AND JUVENILE CENTERS. **EVERYBODY** WAS ALWAYS TRYING TO PUSH ME **DOWN**.

I ONLY WISH I HAD A RETREAT LIKE **THIS** TO COME TO. I COULD HAVE BETTER HANDLED ALL THE **HATE... THE THREATS... THE ABUSE...**



UH OH.

WHAT?

I **SCARED** MYSELF!

OH, COME ON, YOU DUMMY. LET'S GET OUT OF THIS RAIN BEFORE WE **PEEL!**



LATER

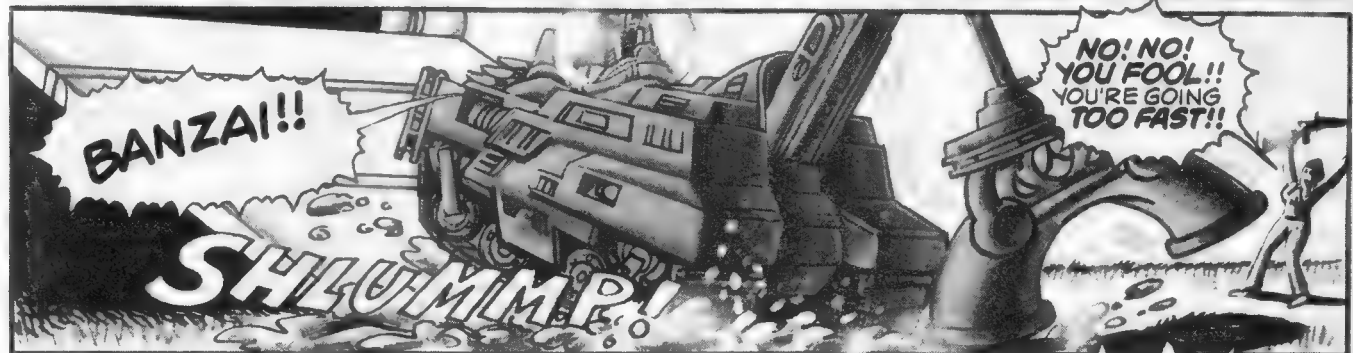
MY BODY STILL SEEMS TO BE FUNCTIONING OKAY, YOU SETTLE BACK.

I'LL FINISH THE LAST SECTION.



OKAY, HERE I COME.

NOW WATCH IT! THAT RAIN SLOPPED UP THE FIELD TAKE IT EASY DOWN THE RAMP!



BANZAI!!

SHLUMMP!

NO! NO! YOU FOOL!! YOU'RE GOING TOO FAST!!



YOU LUMMOX! IT'S STUCK, ISN'T IT?

RRRRRRR! GRIND! CRNCH

EH, ONLY TEMPORARILY. THESE COCKAMAMMIE DRUUL CONTROLS ARE TOUGH TO FIGURE!



IF ANYTHING IS COCKAMAMMIE AROUND HE--! ONNH!

CHARLIE!

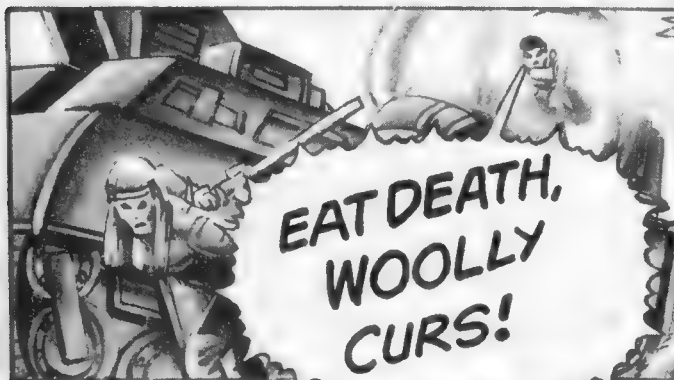


IT'S
THE LOCAL
CITIZENRY! MAYBE
THEY'RE TRYING
TO COMMUNICATE!

SPRECHEN
SIE DEUTSCH?
ICH DIEN TO
KALON!



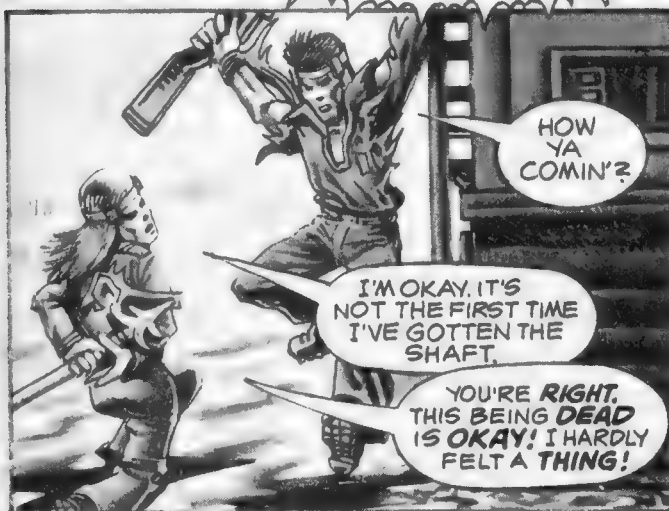
OH WELL.
WHEN DIPLOMACY
FAILS...



EAT DEATH,
WOOLLY
CURS!



AAWKK
AAIEE!
AARRGH!



HOW
YA
COMIN'?

I'M OKAY. IT'S
NOT THE FIRST TIME
I'VE GOTTEN THE
SHAFT.

YOU'RE RIGHT.
THIS BEING DEAD
IS OKAY! I HARDLY
FELT A THING!



THIS IS NOT
THE WAY TO MAKE
FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE
THE NATIVES,
THOUGH!

CAN I
HELP IT IF THEY
DON'T KNOW GERMAN?
C'MON, LET'S GO.



BUT... WE
HAVE TO BURY THEM...
OR SOMETHING!

IF WE
DON'T GET THAT
CRANE UNSTUCK AND
FINISH THE TRANS-
PORTER, WE'RE THE
ONE'S WHO'LL NEED
BURYING!



I'M GOING TO BACK THIS KID UP THE RAMP AGAIN, AND TRY TO EASE IT THROUGH THE GOO.

YOU WATCH FOR BANDITS.

VROOOOM!
VROOM!



HOLD YOUR BREATH! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

I CAN'T LOOK...



HOORAY! HOORAY! YOU GOT IT FREE!

JUST TAKES A LITTLE FINESSE.



WHIRRR!

OKAY, CHARLIE! YOU'RE RIGHT ON TARGET! LOWER IT AND LOCK IT INTO PLACE!



GOD. IT'S FINISHED.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, FAST. THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE WILLIES!



WON'T TAKE A MINUTE.



CLICK! CLICK! M M M M M!

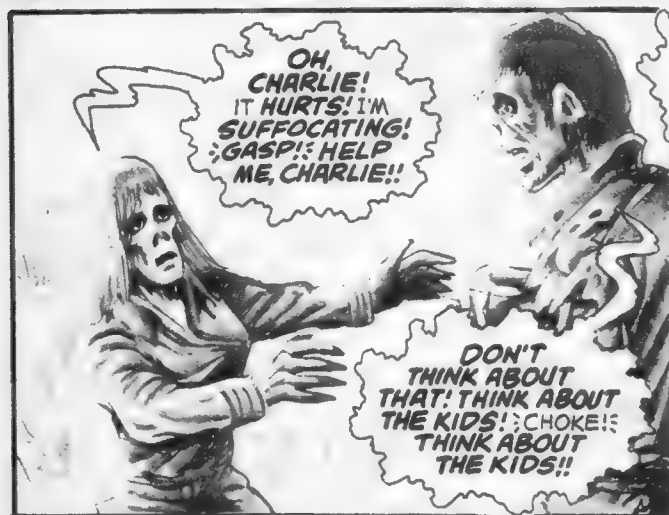
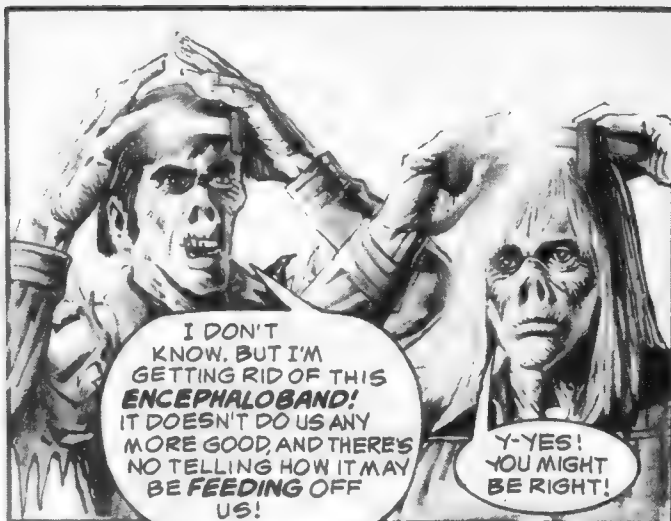
DAMMIT! DAMMIT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

THIS CONSOLE IS SET UP TO RECEIVE, BUT NOT TO TRANSMIT!! SOMEBODY'S YANKED ALL THE TRANSMISSION CONTROLS!!

THEN THAT MEANS... WE CAN'T GET BACK TO EARTH!

CHARLIE! WE CAN'T BE RESTORED TO LIFE!

IT'S THOSE DRUULS!! THE DOUBLE CROSSING DRUULS!!



"You will never see anything more horrible than a boy's dead dog return from the grave to bite its young master's face off!" — Rex Havoc, from a series in *The National Alarmist*: "The Monsters are Coming! The Monsters are Co—! ARGGGGH!"

BY 1978, **MONSTERS, UNDEAD**, AND A WIDE RANGE OF **SUPER-ABNORMAL PHENOMENA** HAD BECOME SO NUMEROUS THAT IT NEARLY WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO GO TO THE BEACH WITHOUT STUMBLING INTO THE MAW OF A BOGGY CREEK MONSTER, OR GO TO A MOVIE AND NOT BE MOLESTED BY A TINGLER OR A BLOB OR SOME KIND OF WRIGGLY GROATIE.

THE MOST VALIANT EFFORTS OF THE VARIOUS LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES COULD NOT STEM THE GROWING MONSTER EPIDEMIC. YET IT WAS NOT UNTIL AFTER A ROUTINE RAID ON A PET CEMETARY IN SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA, THAT IT WAS REVEALED HOW TRULY HORRENDOUS THE MONSTER THREAT HAD BECOME.



FIVE MONSTERS CAPTURED THERE WHO WERE TO BECOME KNOWN AS THE "**DEAD OF NIGHT 5**," DECIDED TO FIGHT BACK IN THE ONLY WAY THEY KNEW HOW! THEY **SUED!**

THE LAWSUIT GAINED **GLOBAL ATTENTION**. THE CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION RAN TO THE AID OF THE MONSTERS, AND FOLKSINGERS SANG PITIFUL SONGS IN THEIR BEHALF. OREGON GOT THE JUMP ON A FEDERAL MONSTER RIGHTS BILL, PASSING ONE OF THEIR OWN. MONSTERS SUDDENLY BECAME THE RAGE. FARRAH WAS OUT; **IM-HO-TEP** WAS IN.

AND MONSTERS EVERYWHERE BEGAN TO CALL THEMSELVES "**FANTASTICS**," AS AWAY OF MAKING THEMSELVES MORE PRESENTABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

REX HAVOC HAD ANOTHER NAME FOR THEM: "**GONERS**."



SUNRISE, REX, GOT IT ALL RIGHT?

UMMPH. YEAH. I'M HANDLIN' IT. STAND BACK, LARS.



RISE AND SHINE!! EVERYBODY OUTTA THE SACK!! UP AND AT 'EM!!



GOOD MORNING. ♪ WAKE UP CALL, COUNT NOCTURNOS. ♪

MORNING?!? AAGGGH!!

LOTS TO DO TODAY, NEMO. CAN'T SLEEP THE DAY AWAY. BREAKFAST IS WAITING.



BREAKFAST!?
BUT I NEVER EAT
BREAKFAST! I HATE
BREAKFAST!!

OH DEAR, NO
WONDER
YOU LOOK SO WORRY
AND MOTHEATEN!
WELL, SIR, A BALANCED
HIGH-FIBER MEAL
WILL PUT THE COLOR
BACK IN THOSE
CHEEKS. WHAT DO WE
HAVE, BRUNO?

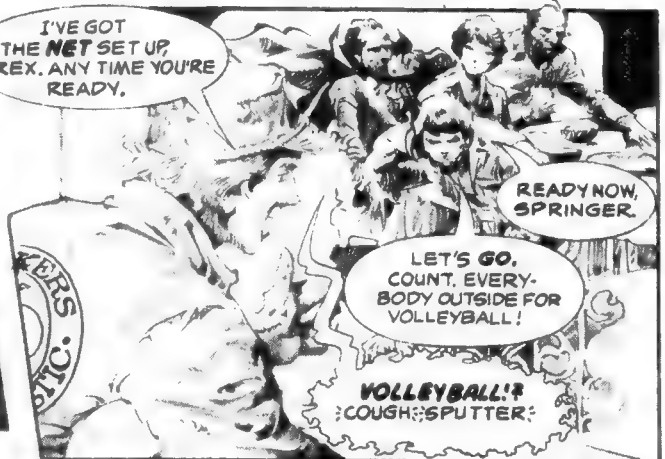
RICE KRISPIES,
POP TARTS, FRUIT
COMPOTE, MILK AND
TOMATO JUICE.



SOUNDS
VOMITOUS!
I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE
TO EAT ANY--!
GRRF!

HEAR THAT,
VAMPIRE? SNAP,
CRACKLE, POP? I
CAN MAKE YOUR NECK
MAKE THOSE SAME
KIND OF NOISES!

WELL, I
SUPPOSE I COULD
DRINK THE TOMATO
JUICE...



I'VE GOT
THE NET SET UP,
REX. ANY TIME YOU'RE
READY.

READY NOW,
SPRINGER.

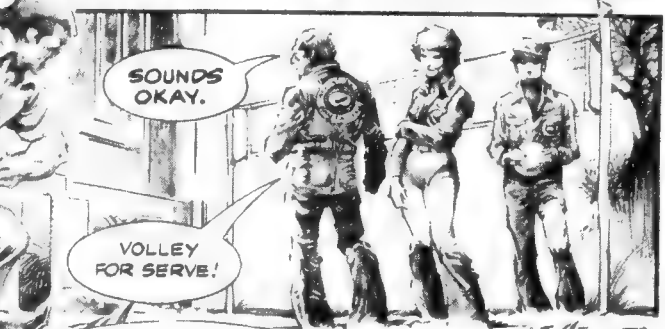
LET'S GO,
COUNT. EVERY-
BODY OUTSIDE FOR
VOLLEYBALL!

VOLLEYBALL!?
COUGH:SPUTTER:



BUT I CAN'T
GO OUTSIDE! PLEASE!
NOT IN THE SUNLIGHT!
I BURN VERY
EASILY!

ME AND THE
COUNT AGAINST THE
REST OF YOU! THAT
SOUND FAIR TO
EVERYONE?



SOUNDS
OKAY.

VOLLEY
FOR SERVE!



SPIKE
IT, COUNT!
SPIKE
IT!

OH
NOOOOO,
THERE GOES MY
ARM! :MOAN:HONEST
... I BETTER GO BACK
INSIDE.

C'MON, COUNT, WE
NEARLY GOT IT
IN THE BAG! HANG ON
A LITTLE
LONGER!



RATS. HERE I
GO. I'M FALLING APART.
MY WHOLE AFTER LIFE
IS PASSING BEFORE
MY EYES.

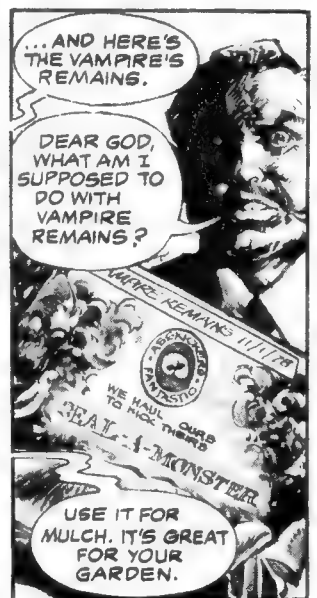
AND JUST
WHEN WE WERE
WINNING,
TOO...



THANKS, ASSKICKERS.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET
THAT VAMPIRE OUT OF MY
BASEMENT FOR MONTHS.

TYPICAL VAMPIRE
PLAY. YOU ASK THEM TO
DINNER, THEY STAY THE
WINTER. THEY'RE SHAME-
LESS FREELoadERS.

HERE'S
OUR BILL...



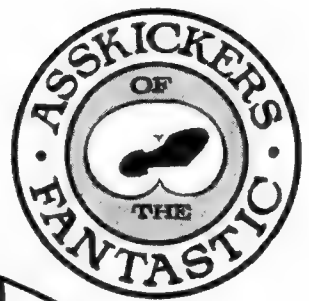
... AND HERE'S
THE VAMPIRE'S
REMAINS.

DEAR GOD,
WHAT AM I
SUPPOSED TO
DO WITH
VAMPIRE
REMAINS?

USE IT FOR
MULCH. IT'S GREAT
FOR YOUR
GARDEN.



Rex Havoc



GOOD MORNING,
EVERYBODY.

ONE OF THE HOTTEST
CONTROVERSIES MAKING HEAD-
LINES THESE DAYS CONCERNS
THE **FANTASTIC RIGHTS AMEND-
MENT**, WHICH IF PASSED, WOULD
GRANT **VAMPIRES** AND **ZOMBIES**
AND **FROST GIANTS** AND ALL
SORTS OF DISGUSTING
VARMINTS THE SAME RIGHTS
AND PRIVILEGES ACCORD-
ED TO HUMAN
BEINGS.

NOW, WHY EXACTLY A
CREEPING UNKNOWN WOULD
WANT THE SAME OPPORTUNITY
TO SHELL OUT THE KIND OF
ALIMONY I DO, I DON'T KNOW,
BUT THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE
TO **FIND OUT**.

OUR FIRST TOPIC
TONIGHT IS **FANTASTICS**:
CRIMINAL DEVIANTS OR LEGIT-
IMATE MINORITY? MY GUESTS
ARE...



...SEBASTIAN,
KING OF VAMPIRES,
AN ADMITTED
FANTASTIC...!

REX HAVOC, LEADER
OF AN UNUSUAL GROUP
CALLED THE **ASSKICKERS
OF THE FANTASTIC**, AN
OUTFIT SWORN TO **EX-
TERMINATE** ALL
MONSTER-LIFE ON
EARTH, OR KICK THEM
IN THE BUTTS, ANYWAY...!

AND MAJOR
LARS WURLITZER,
AN AUTHORITY ON MONSTERS
AS WELL AS AN ASSKICKER
HIMSELF, AND AUTHOR
OF THE **EXPOSE** ON
FANTASTICS: "BUT WOULD
YOU LET ONE MARRY
YOUR SISTER'S DOG?"



TOMORROW

with
TO
SN





SEBASTIAN, KING OF VAMPIRES... LET'S START WITH **YOU**. SUPPOSE YOU TELL US JUST WHAT **IS** A 'FANTASTIC', AND WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO MOVE INTO OUR NEIGHBORHOODS?

TOM, THE TERM "**FANTASTIC**" MERELY IDENTIFIES ONE AS A MEMBER OF A **SUPERIOR** RACE OF BEINGS. CREATURES THAT BECAUSE OF **EXTRAORDINARY** PECULIARITIES IN THEIR MAKEUP ARE SET **ABOVE** MERE MUNDANE HUMANPUNKS, AND ARE THUS **CLOSER** TO THE CREATOR.

HMPH! ASK HIM WHO **HIS** CREATOR IS.



AS FOR MOVING INTO **HUMAN NEIGHBORHOODS**, **FANTASTICS** ARE NOT INTERESTED IN THIS, AS MOST OF US ARE CONSTANTLY ON THE MOVE ANYWAY AND WOULDN'T KNOW A TUDOR FROM A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

ALL WE WANT FROM HUMANS IS A LITTLE **UNDERSTANDING** AND MAYBE KEEP SOME OF THE **SUPERMARKETS** OPEN LATE, AS NEARLY ALL **FANTASTICS** OPERATE AT NIGHT AND HAVE NOWHERE TO GO FOR SANDWICHES AND COKES.

IN FACT, THAT'S WHERE MOST OF US **DO** LIVE! IN HOLES IN THE GROUND.

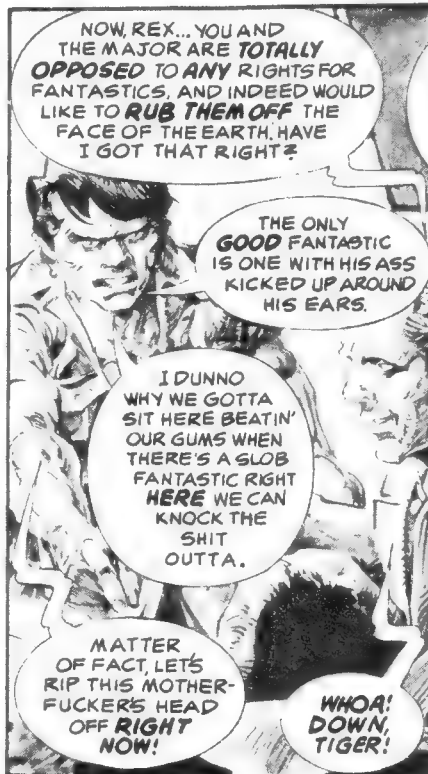


SOUNDS FAIR TO ME. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT ALL THE **BEEF** IS ABOUT.

ALSO, WE WANT A **TRILLION DOLLARS** IN REPARATIONS AND **50 LAS VEGAS SHOWGIRLS** ANNUALLY FOR SPECIAL CEREMONIES.

HOBOY!

THAT LAST POINT IS **NOT** NEGOTIABLE.



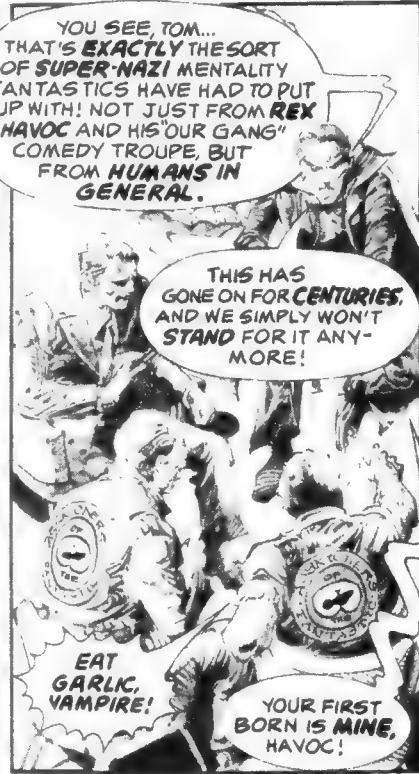
NOW, REX... YOU AND THE MAJOR ARE **TOTALLY OPPOSED** TO ANY RIGHTS FOR **FANTASTICS**, AND INDEED WOULD LIKE TO **RUB THEM OFF** THE FACE OF THE EARTH. HAVE I GOT THAT RIGHT?

THE ONLY **GOOD** **FANTASTIC** IS ONE WITH HIS ASS KICKED UP AROUND HIS EARS.

I DUNNO WHY WE GOTTA SIT HERE BEATIN' OUR GUMS WHEN THERE'S A **GLOB** **FANTASTIC** RIGHT HERE WE CAN **KNOCK THE SHIT** OUTTA.

MATTER OF FACT, LET'S RIP THIS MOTHER-FUCKER'S HEAD OFF **RIGHT** NOW!

WHOA! DOWN, TIGER!



YOU SEE, TOM... THAT'S **EXACTLY** THE SORT OF **SUPER-NAZI** MENTALITY **FANTASTICS** HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH! NOT JUST FROM **REX HAVOC** AND HIS 'OUR GANG' COMEDY TROUPE, BUT FROM **HUMANS** IN **GENERAL**.

THIS HAS GONE ON FOR **CENTURIES**, AND WE SIMPLY WON'T **STAND** FOR IT ANYMORE!

EAT GARLK, VAMPIRE!

YOUR FIRST BORN IS **MINE**, **HAVOC!**



GENTLEMEN, IF EVERYBODY WILL JUST KEEP THEIR WITS, IT'S ENTIRELY **POSSIBLE** WE CAN HAVE A **CIVILIZED** **DEBATE** HERE...!

WITS?! THAT FUNCTIONAL RETARDATE?! HOW CAN ANYONE HAVE A SERIOUS CONVERSATION WITH A MAN WHO HAS A **STEEL PLATE** IN HIS HEAD?!

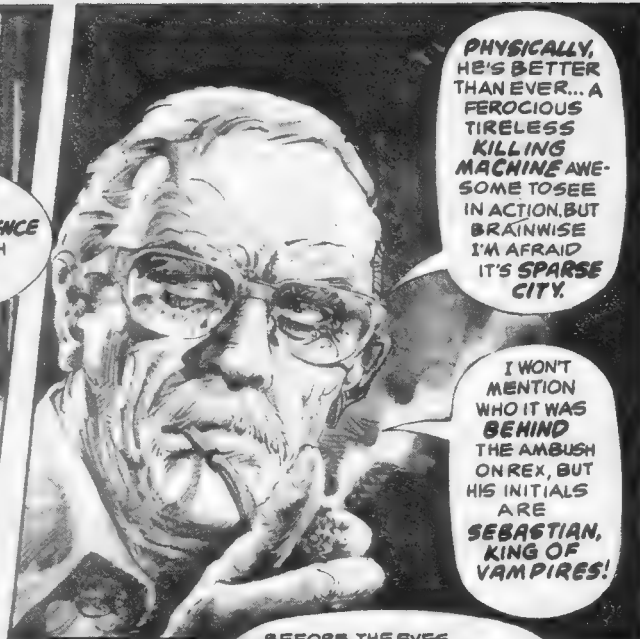
IS THAT TRUE, REX? DO YOU HAVE A **STEEL PLATE** IN YOUR HEAD?



ALLOW ME TO ANSWER THAT, TOM.

SEBASTIAN IS REFERRING TO THE UNFORTUNATE EPISODE IN WHICH REX WAS **AMBUSHED** AT A MINIATURE GOLF COURSE BY A NUMBER OF MONSTERS POSING AS **TRAVELING PROS**, BASHING REX'S HEAD IN WITH THEIR PUTTERS AND HEAVIER WOODS.

THE DOCTORS MANAGED TO SAVE REX'S LIFE, BUT NOT BEFORE MOST OF HIS **INTELLIGENCE** LEAKED AWAY LEAVING HIM WITH THE I.Q. ROUGHLY THAT OF A **SNO-CONE**.



PHYSICALLY, HE'S BETTER THAN EVER... A **FEROCIOUS** **TIRELESS** **KILLING MACHINE** AWESOME TO SEE IN ACTION, BUT **BRAINWISE** I'M AFRAID IT'S **SPARSE CITY**.

I WON'T MENTION WHO IT WAS **BEHIND** THE **AMBUSH** ON REX, BUT HIS INITIALS ARE **SEBASTIAN**, KING OF **VAMPIRES!**



YOU WANT **ACCUSATIONS?**! WHAT ABOUT MY NEPHEW, **COUNT WOODTICK!**? YOUR **STORMTROOPERS** **KILLED HIM!** HURLED **HOLY WATER BALLOONS** AT HIM!

WE MIGHT'VE. I DON'T KEEP SUCH **GOOD TRACK**.

REX? DID YOU DO THAT?



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO **SETTLE THIS**, TOM, AND THAT'S WHY I'VE COME HERE TONIGHT.

BEFORE THE EYES OF THE WORLD, I CHALLENGE REX **HAVOC** TO **SINGLES COMBAT** ON A **NEUTRAL TERRAIN** OF MY CHOOSING!

LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH HE IS WITHOUT HIS **GANG OF HOODLUMS** TO BACK HIM UP!

ACCEPTED!

NO, REX!



WELL, I HAVE ABOUT FIFTEEN MORE **SECONDS** TO KILL IN THIS **ILLUMINATING SEGMENT**. ANYBODY HAVE ANYTHING MORE THEY WANT TO **ADD?**

YES, I DO...



THIS IS TO THE **YOUNG WOMEN** IN THE AUDIENCE.

USE **MODERATE** MAKEUP, LAYERING YOUR FACE WITH A LOT OF **CREAMS** AND **GOOP** WILL ONLY SUCCEED IN **KEEPING AWAY** POTENTIAL **SUITORS...**!

GREAT STUPID APE!

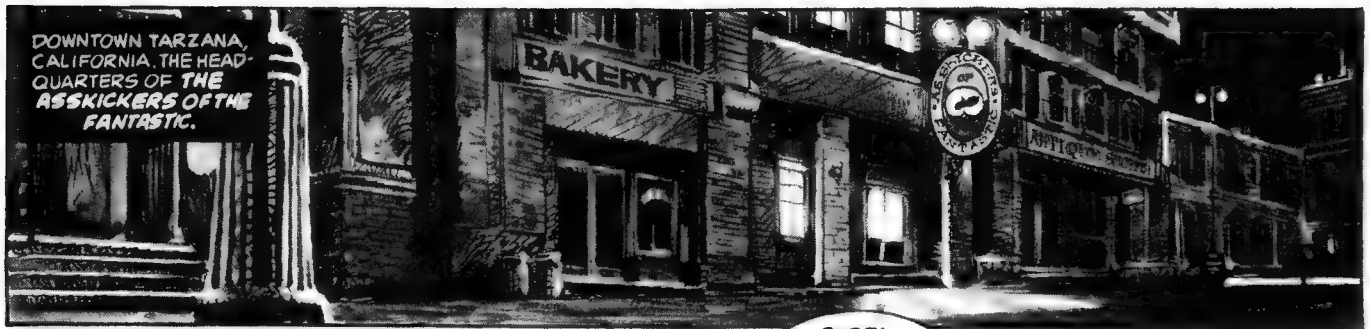


AWRIGHT, **BATMAN!** YOU'N' ME IS GOIN' **WALTZIN' RIGHT NOW!**

LOOK INTO MY EYES! **LOOK INTO MY EYES!**

DON'T LISTEN, REX! HE'S TRYING TO **HYPNOTIZE YOU!**

COMING UP NEXT: A **CHILD SEX PRODIGY** TALKS ABOUT CONDUCTING HIS FIRST **ORGY** AT THE AGE OF **EIGHT...**!



HOW'D WE COME OFF, BRUNO?

GOOD, GOOD, REX.

I DIDN'T COME ACROSS LIKE ONE OF THEM SMARTASS INTELLECTUALS, DID I? 'CAUSE I HATE THAT.

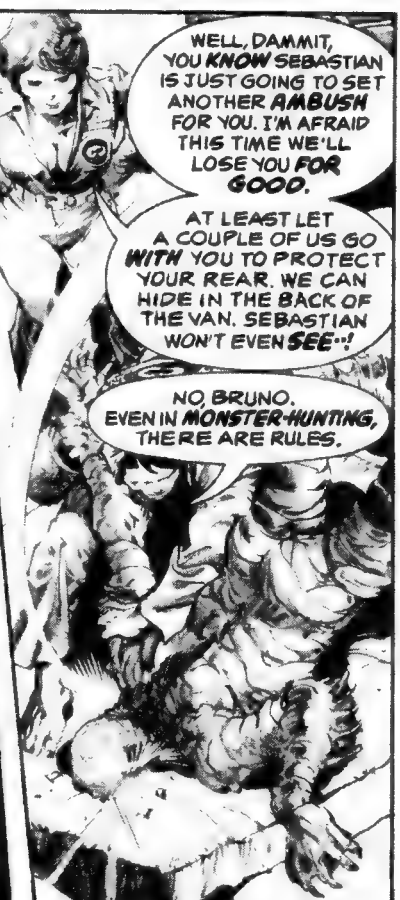
NO, NOT AT ALL.



ARE YOU REALLY GOING THROUGH WITH SEBASTIAN'S CHALLENGE, REX, ARE YOU GOING TO FIGHT HIM? ALONE?

SURE! I SAID I WOULD. I'M GOING TO KICK HIS ASS FROM HERE TO HALLOWEEN.

S'MATTER, BRUNO? YOU WORRIED ABOUT ME?



WELL, DAMMIT, YOU *KNOW* SEBASTIAN IS JUST GOING TO SET ANOTHER *AMBUSH* FOR YOU. I'M AFRAID THIS TIME WE'LL LOSE YOU FOR *GOOD*.

AT LEAST LET A COUPLE OF US GO WITH YOU TO PROTECT YOUR REAR. WE CAN HIDE IN THE BACK OF THE VAN. SEBASTIAN WON'T EVEN *SEE*!

NO, BRUNO. EVEN IN *MONSTER-HUNTING*, THERE ARE RULES.



I ACCEPTED THE CHALLENGE. I GAVE MY *WORD*. AND A CHALLENGE IS A CHALLENGE AND A *WORD* IS A *WORD* AND A *GOOD SMOKE* IS HARD TO FIND.

GOD. NOW I'M WORRIED.



JUST GOT THE CALL FROM SEBASTIAN, REX. HE WANTS YOU TO MEET HIM IN ONE HOUR AT THE *TARZANA JUNKYARD*.

I'LL HAVE SPRINGER GET THE VAN READY.

UH, WHERE IS SPRINGER? I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN AWHILE.

YOU THREW HIM OUT THE WINDOW, REX.



SPRINGER! PULL THE VAN OUT! I'M GOING TO KICK THE KING OF VAMPIRE'S *ROYAL ASS*!

SURE THING, REX!

GREAT WORKOUT, BY THE WAY, SPRINGER. THOUGH I WISH YOU WOULDN'T ALWAYS *RUN OFF* IN THE MIDDLE LIKE THAT.



OKAY, REX... PICK YOUR **WEAPONS**

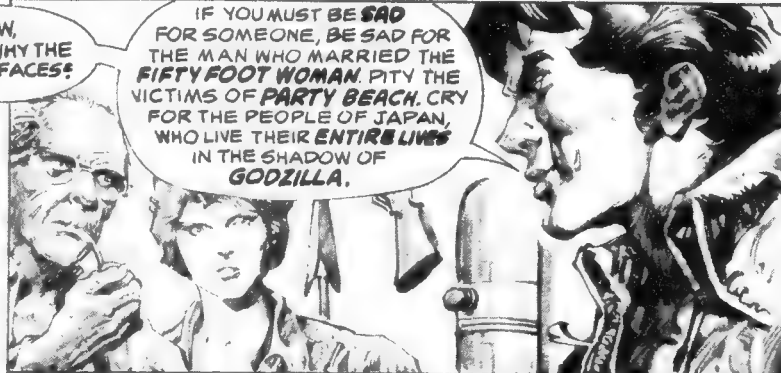
I'VE GOT A **CROSSBOW, GARLIC AEROSOL, GRENADE-LAUNCHER, CHAIN-SAW, MINIATURE SOLID FUEL ROCKET...**

...OR I'VE GOT **EVERYTHING** IN THIS ONE KIT.



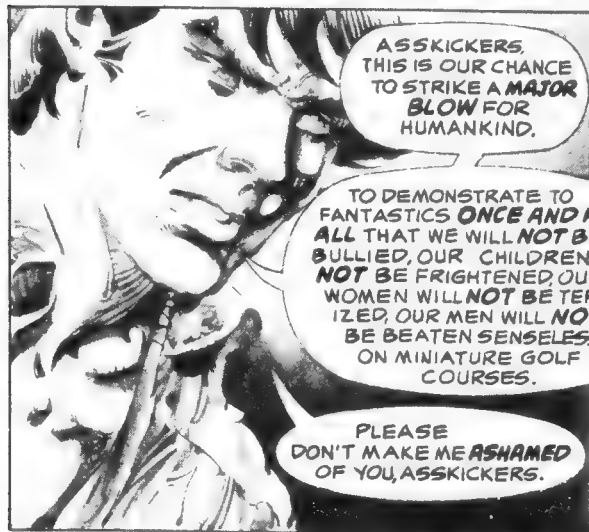
FOR SOMEONE LIKE **SEBASTIAN**, I SUGGEST A **FIFTY CALIBER STAKE-GUN**. IT FIRES **2000 TINY STAKES** A MINUTE. VERY GOOD FOR **BREAKING UP AN AMBUSH**, IF YOU GET MY MEANING.

NO THANKS, LARS. **"BABY"** IS ALL I NEED TO HANDLE **SEBASTIAN**.



NOW, NOW WHY THE **SAD FACES?**

IF YOU MUST BE **SAD** FOR SOMEONE, BE SAD FOR THE MAN WHO MARRIED THE **FIFTY FOOT WOMAN**. PITY THE VICTIMS OF **PARTY BEACH**. CRY FOR THE PEOPLE OF JAPAN, WHO LIVE THEIR **ENTIRE LIVES** IN THE SHADOW OF **GODZILLA**.



ASSKICKERS, THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO STRIKE A **MAJOR BLOW** FOR HUMAN KIND.

TO DEMONSTRATE TO FANTASTICS **ONCE AND FOR ALL** THAT WE WILL **NOT** BE BULLIED, OUR CHILDREN WILL **NOT** BE FRIGHTENED, OUR WOMEN WILL **NOT** BE TERRORIZED, OUR MEN WILL **NOT** BE BEATEN SENSELESS ON MINIATURE GOLF COURSES.

PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME **ASHAMED** OF YOU, **ASSKICKERS**.



SORRY, REX, YOU'RE RIGHT OF COURSE. WE JUST GOT TO FEELING **LOW**, THAT'S ALL.

WELL, I KNOW **ONE** THING THAT NEVER FAILS TO LIFT OUR SPIRITS...

LET'S SING THE **ASSKICKERS** THEME SONG!

OH LORD.



VAN'S ALL READY, REX... UH... OH NO! WE'RE NOT GOING TO SING THE **THEME SONG**, ARE WE?

SPRINGER! JOIN IN! WE'RE ABOUT TO SING OUR **THEME SONG**!

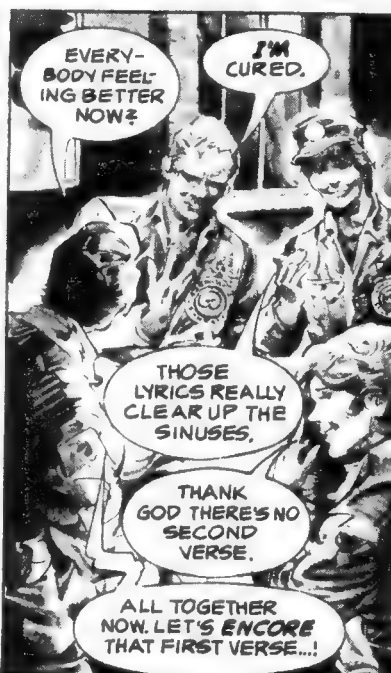
REALLY, REX. I'VE GOT THIS **COLD**...

ME TOO... MY **DOCTOR** EVEN TOLD ME, NO SINGING. HE WAS **VERY SPECIFIC** ABOUT IT.



WE ARE THE **ASSKICKERS** OF THE FANTASTIC... LET MONSTERS ALL BEWARE! THREE GUYS AND A LASS... WE KICK ASS... IN FRENCH WE KICK **DERRIERE**!

ALL TOGETHER NOW...



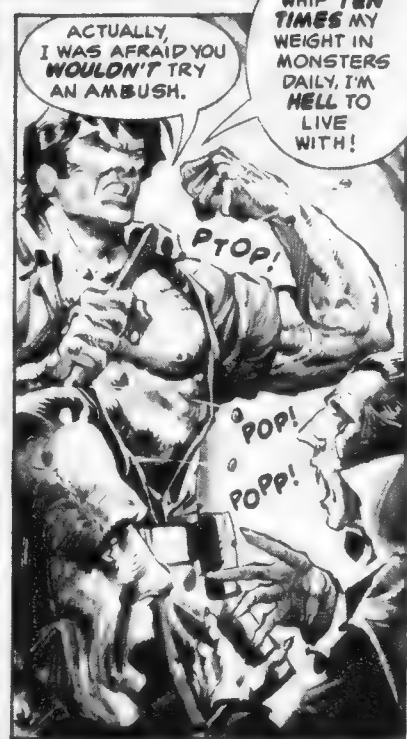
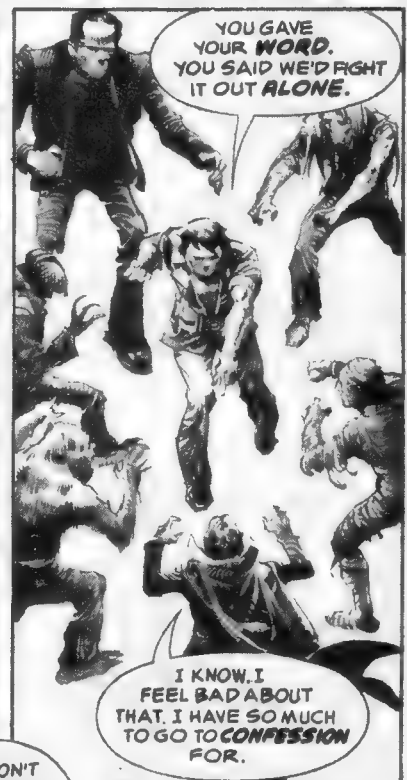
EVERYBODY FEELING BETTER NOW?

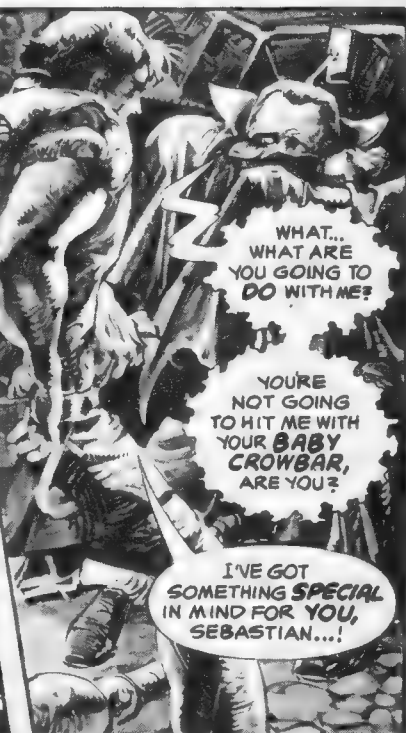
I'M CURED.

THOSE LYRICS REALLY CLEAR UP THE SINUSES.

THANK GOD THERE'S NO SECOND VERSE.

ALL TOGETHER NOW. LET'S **ENCORE** THAT FIRST VERSE...





IT'S THE END
OF THE LINE, SEBASTIAN!
YOUR REIGN OF HORROR
IS OVER!

STAY
BACK! STAY
AWAY FROM
ME!

I'LL
SCREAM!!

WHAT...
WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO
DO WITH ME?

YOU'RE
NOT GOING
TO HIT ME WITH
YOUR BABY
CROWBAR,
ARE YOU?

I'VE GOT
SOMETHING SPECIAL
IN MIND FOR YOU,
SEBASTIAN....!

HAPPY JIM SUNBLASTER RIDES AGAIN!

WHO IS IT *THIS* TIME, HAPPY JIM? THE PHILANDERING LECH-MEN OF OFFAL IV, OR THE ONE-EYED TROUSER SNAKES OF COITUS III?

NEITHER, SKEEZIX! IT'S THE PHALLUS-NOSED JUNK-GOBLERS OF SPISSITUDE IX!

AND THEY'RE AFTER OUR CARGO OF VINTAGE HOSTESS TWINKIES, RIGHT?!

WRONG AGAIN, SKEEZ! THEY WANT MY NEWEST ISSUE OF 1984!

THE DELETERIOUS REPROBATES! WHY DON'T THEY JUST BUY THEIR OWN?

BECAUSE THEIR NATIONAL CURRENCY IS THE CONSISTANCY OF MELLIFLOUS ELEPHANT DUNG!

CURSE YOU HAPPY JIM SUNBLASTER! WE'LL NAIL YOUR COOKIES, YET!

What's the matter, Bunky? Has your national currency turned to mellifluous elephant dung, too? Don't take it so hard. So has ours. But there is yet hope. You get a lot of 1984 for your worthless noogies when you subscribe.

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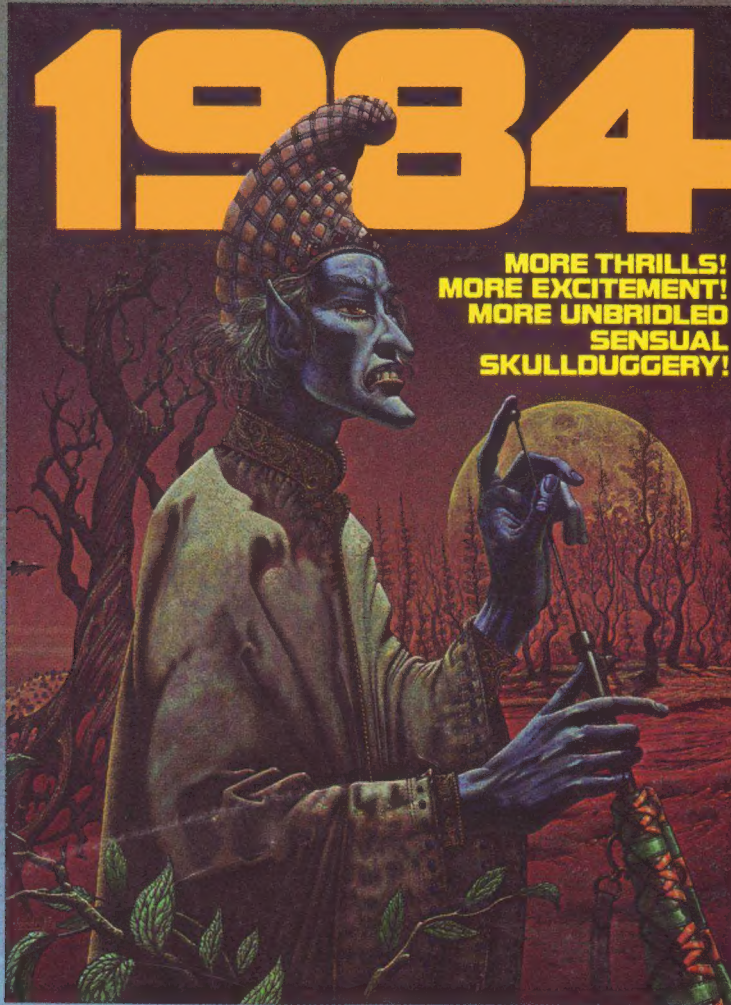
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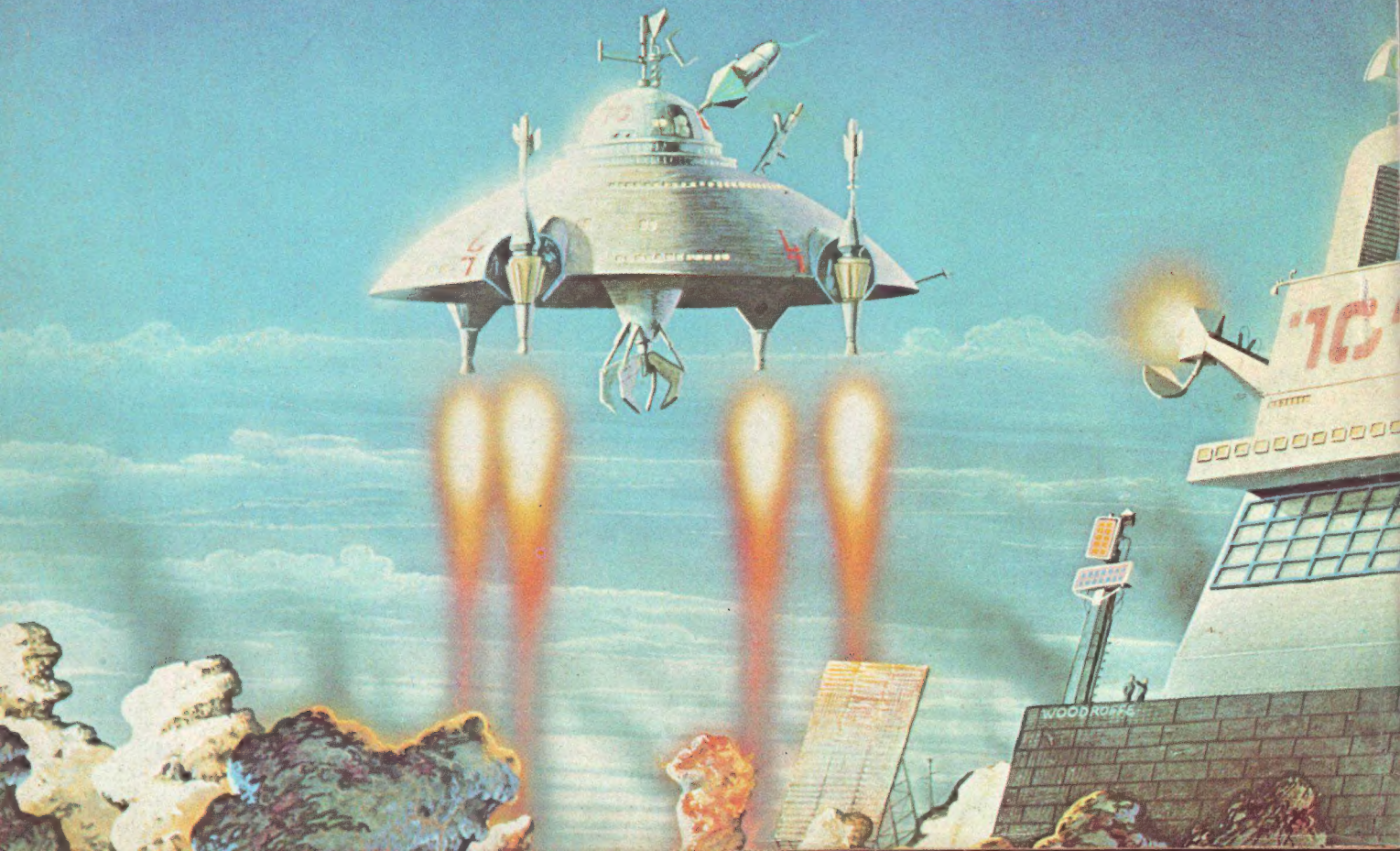
NEXT ISSUE:

1984

**MORE THRILLS!
MORE EXCITEMENT!
MORE UNBRIDLED
SENSUAL
SKULLOUGGERY!**



ON SALE OCTOBER 17TH.

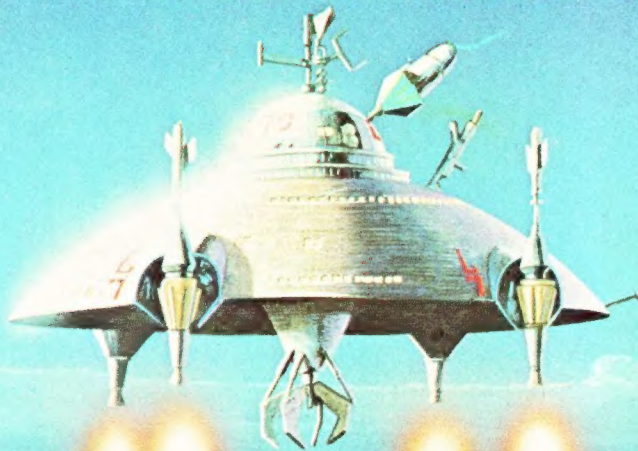


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COLORFUL ILLUSTRATED ADULT FANTASY

1984

A WARREN MAGAZINE NUMBER FOUR

OCT 1978

MARTIANS
INVADE EARTH!
IN "THE LAST
WAR OF THE
WORLDS!"

